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LAPLAND LIFE

OR

SUMMER ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

SWEDISH LAPP IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

LAPLAND LIFE

OR

SUMMER ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

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BY THE

REV DONALD D. MACKINNON M.A.

London
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1878

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TO HIS KIND AND VALUED FRIEND

The Rev. Sir Edward Repps Jodrell, Bart.

WHOSE

HEARTY INTEREST IN ALL THAT CONCERNS

HIM AND HIS

WILL NEVER FADE FROM HIS MEMORY

This Little Work

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

This little work pretends to nothing more than a description of the incidents which occurred to my wife and self during a seven weeks' summer holiday.

It must be taken into consideration that Lapland is a large extent of country; the Russians claiming the greatest share, the Norwegians the smallest, while Swedish Lappmark lies between both, I believe, as regards population, as well as geographical position. There is a company of Lapps visiting this country at the present moment, and after much conversation with that enterprising gentleman, M. Farini,

who has with much credit to himself brought four of them over, together with several reindeer, I have discovered the wide difference existing between the Norwegian and the Swedish Lapp, in matters of custom as well as of costume.

I should have reproduced my plate of a Lapp in full costume from a photograph which the above gentleman was kindly willing to place at my disposal, had I not considered that the arrangement of the dress in my possession on a lay figure, was far preferable, giving a truer representation of the people I saw, and conveying, on the whole, a correct likeness of the individual.

With regard to the curiosities in *gammal* (old) Lapp silver, I cannot overstate the intense difficulty we experienced in obtaining any. It was only by showing them photo-

graphs of home friends, by repeatedly offering them their own price, if they would name it, that we succeeded in obtaining a few specimens from the natives; but oftener than not they would shake their heads, and almost beseechingly say, "It has been handed down from mother to daughter for generations; we cannot part with it;" and then, with a look which said, "Don't bother us," would stow away the little relic of olden times they had produced for our inspection.

The sugar-bowl was, perhaps, the greatest prize. We could discover but one specimen in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, lately opened at Stockholm, and we did not see half a dozen more throughout the country. The shape, which so much resembles the old Roman lamp, might have been borrowed from that nation before these Northerners were driven so

far north, when communication was maintained with Rome through Denmark.

The spoon is, perhaps, the next most curious specimen. It is exceedingly well inlaid, and from all I can gather, their engraving instruments must have been rude in the extreme. There is one universal shape for spoons in Swedish Lapland, whether made of birch-wood, of reindeer horn, or of antique silver. The adjoining Swedish province of Norbotten has also the same shaped spoon, minus the little rings.

The Swedish woodman's knife is also possessed by the Lapp in a rougher form, the sheath being made of birch with birch wisps bound round, to strengthen it. It is with this knife these settlers "settle" their differences. An open field is chosen; the antagonists are stripped to the waist, tied closely together by

cords round both their bodies, the sheaths taken away, and then each digs at the other till one or both are mortally wounded. I was also told their knowledge of anatomy is slight, and like schoolboys "hitting round," they aim at the breast-bone instead of between the neck and shoulder, which sometimes causes these happily rare duels to be protracted to a painful extent.

The rings I received from the forefingers of a Lapp and his wife; they are of silver, and exceedingly curious in design. I have but one remark to make with regard to the specimen of female reindeer horns. The "Coo," as my Lapp informant styled her, often has no such protection at all, generally a very poor display, and rarely such a perfect growth as in the antlers I was fortunate enough to obtain, a representation of which is given in page 144. I saw quantities of male reindeer antlers, but

being two or three times the size of these, they would have been cumbrous to carry all the way to England.

I cannot conclude these few prefatory remarks without thanking the kind friends to whom I am indebted for their admirable sketches, humorous and otherwise, for the accuracy of which I can most honestly vouch.

DONALD D. MACKINNON.

BRYANSTON STREET,
December, 1877.

LAPLAND LIFE;

OR

Summer Adventures in the Arctic Regions.

CHAPTER I.

We—that is to say, my wife and I—left London on Friday, 27th July, by the steamer *Albert Edward*, bound for Gothenburg.

Embarking at eleven a.m., at which hour the steamer was timed to start, we had our first experience of Scandinavian unpunctuality, for we did not leave our moorings till two p.m. However, we did not find the three hours very wearisome; for besides watching the late arrivals and the finishing touch being put to the cargo, it was very interesting to see a deputy

from the Waterside Mission (for which we had just had a collection at Quebec Chapel) come on board and distribute tracts to the seamen, who appeared to receive them gladly and thankfully. The opportunity did not occur to ask him concerning the progress of the Mission.

Captain Ericsson, his crew, and ship being Swedish, we began at once with Swedish fare. As we had breakfasted very early we became ravenous as the day wore on; so my wife descended to ask the smiling, good-natured stewardess what time dinner would be. "Two o'clock," was the reply in broken English. Good news for us, as it was then half-past one, but more than two hours passed away, and no dinner came; so, thinking that perhaps they had mutually misunderstood each other, and probably there was to be no dinner, my wife descended once more, asked the same question, and got the answer "So quick as quick," with which she was obliged to be content.

Sure enough dinner came very quickly now, and a peculiar, though excellent meal it was.

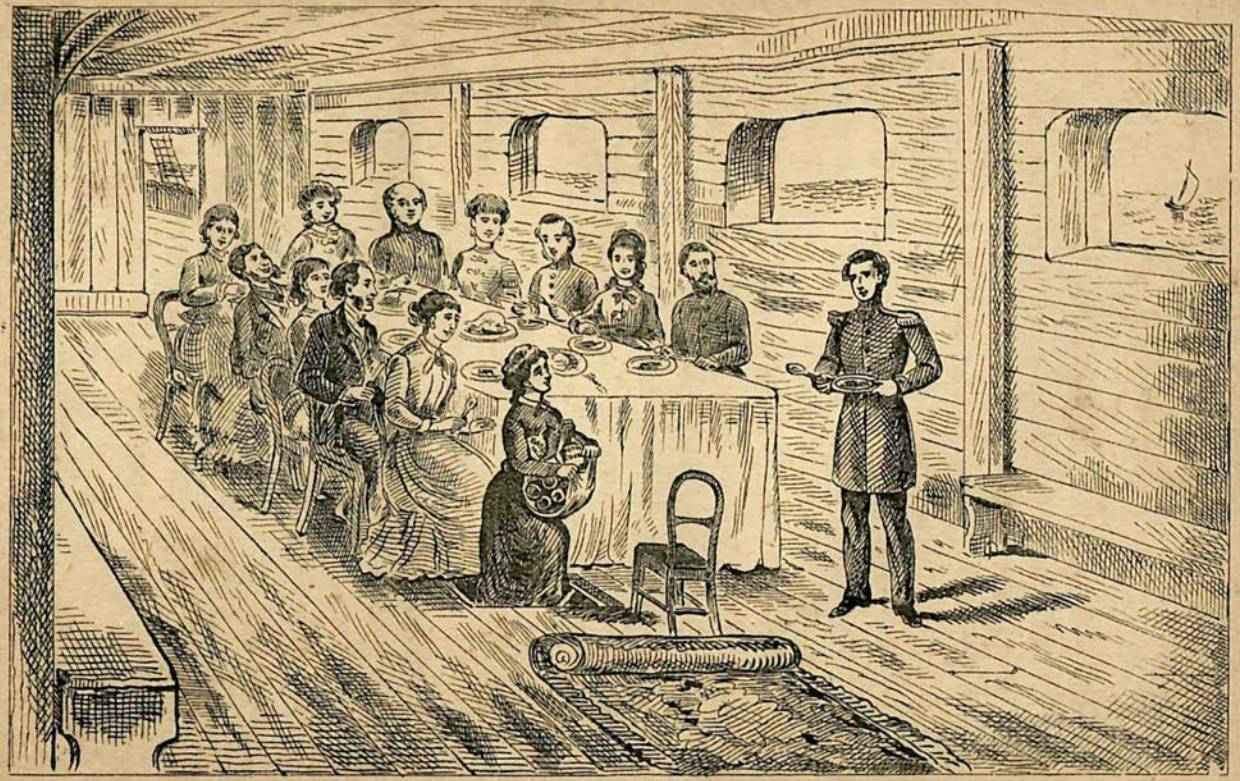
There was a number of little plates at one end of the saloon, on which were piled slices of various meats, and in the background stood several kinds of liqueurs. Around this side-table clustered all the men, who, having touched glasses and drank of each kind of liqueur, fell to with one fork between them, helping themselves to each dish, and smearing everything with butter. The ladies sat and stared the while. This ante-meal is called *smörgås* (butter-bread).

We sat and stared too, but found to our disgust that an important part of the meal was over when the men, exchanging cards all round (having, I suppose, met for the first time), sat down together, and got first served with what was to follow. Fish, meat, and strawberries and cream was our fare; everything was served in profusion save salt, of which there was only one small crystal dish to supply upwards of twenty people, and, naturally enough, everyone wished for salt at the same time.

The Captain asked for it in vain, called the stewardess to get it for him, also in vain, and

at last rose to fetch it. The stewardess saw him rise, guessed what he wanted, and her heart smote her. She rushed at him in an ecstatic, Irish sort of fashion, with a wail of "Oh, Captain!" seized him by the coat-tails, re-seated him as if he had been a baby, fetched the wished-for salt, and returning again a few minutes afterwards desired him to stand up, which he meekly did, retiring to a corner of the saloon, soup-plate in hand, while she whipped up his chair and then the carpet. And now we wondered what she was going to do next! But we had not long to wait, for with the speed of lightning she pulled up a trap-door and disappeared, apparently into the hold; re-appearing a moment afterwards with two armsful of stout and pale ale, and closing the mysterious door, re-arranging the carpet, and intimating to the Captain that he might sit down again, dispensed the malt liquor to the company.

Coffee and cakes were served on deck during the evening, and a very pleasant night at sea it was as we steamed along the coast of Essex and Suffolk, and counted the stars reflected in



SCENE IN SALOON OF THE "ALBERT EDWARD".

the placid waters. It was in the small hours of the morning ere we retired to a very snug little cabin containing two berths, where my wife slept well for some hours; but awoke very far from comfortable indeed, neither did she leave her berth during the whole of the ensuing day, for the vessel, being lightly laden, rolled considerably in a slight sea.

During that day I found, to my astonishment, that my only companions at table were the Captain and a baby, whose mother and nurse could bestow no care upon it; and so, with seamanlike tenderness, he not only fed, but carried it about as he gave his various orders to the crew. Never shall I forget that wretched baby's legs as they first dangled, then shot out behind, as he rushed up and down the companion-ladder squeezing its frail form beneath his brawny arm.

As six shillings per diem were charged for food eaten or uneaten, this proved a losing speculation for the passengers, 'most of whom remained in their cabins till Sunday night, though my wife felt so much better that she was enabled to spend nearly the whole of Sun-

day on deck as we sped through the ill-favoured Skager-rack and coasted the bleak, sterile, sandy shore of Jutland, the northern-most province of Denmark.

About five p.m. we rounded the Skaw, and immediately came in for bad weather, as we crossed the Cattegat.

By eight p.m. a heavy following sea was running. It took fully half an hour to get the pilot on board, and the scene was quite exciting as the little lugger and its crew of six neared us again and again in vain.

A tender-hearted girl, unable otherwise to steady herself, pinned me by both arms at this juncture, and besought me (I looked nautical, I suppose, in Navy serge and glazed hat) to tell her whether WE were not in great danger of being run down! I assured her the pilot, in his craft of a ton or so, would be too careful of the consequences to his own life if he ventured to charge our frail bark, which registered 1,200 tons.

Our arrival in the roads was proclaimed to the citizens of Gothenburg by throwing up three rockets; but as they failed to answer

these from the shore, I fear *we* failed to create the interest we imagined we should.

The only incident worth recording as we disembarked at midnight, and were searched by the Custom-house officers, was as follows:—during the passage I had observed an Englishman, evidently in an uneasy frame of mind, pacing the deck with knitted brow the greater part of the day: I wondered what could be disturbing his mind, and was destined to have my curiosity satisfied.

Happening to remark to him how useful two gigantic boilers had been as ballast—for they formed by far the heaviest portion of our cargo—he turned sharply round, and said, *boiling* over with wrath: "Yes, sir, those boilers are mine, and I have been obliged to come over with them, because the Swedes won't purchase till they have seen them; and it is not at all improbable I may have to return with them, and pay the freightage twice; but they are such undiscriminating people, and are always reckoned as bad bargainers!"

I could not help thinking the wish here was much at variance with the fact; and,

judging from a deal of ominous head-wagging which I saw going on next day round the said boilers, I am afraid our friend's fears were verified, and that he was doomed to re-cross the ocean without having transferred the weight of his property from the hold to the pocket.

CHAPTER II.

We found comfortable quarters at Haglund's Hotel, the Götha Källare (pronounced Yeuter Chellery), and were up betimes to view the chief commercial port of Sweden.

The Gothenburgers are a pleasant-looking, curly and flaxen-haired, hardy set of fellows; —the men mostly with well-dilated nostrils, blue eyes, and thick pink lips; the women, who wear a handkerchief over their heads instead of a bonnet, are a strong, ugly-featured, good-complexioned set, and can stare with any Bavarian, and that, as far as my own experience goes, is saying a great deal.

After inspecting the Cathedral (a very poor specimen) we were fortunate enough to catch a canal-boat at midday, which ascends the Gotha river as far as the Falls of Trollhättan.

The scenery, with the stone dykes, granite rocks, larches, and pines, is very Scotch, and the landscape, with these grey boulders, and every now and then a bed of shining slate, picked out with tufts of green, in the background, and in the foreground the charming little "bondgårds" (farms) of red brick, or of wood painted red, harmonising well with the natural colouring, is decidedly picturesque.

The locks are so narrow as only just to admit of the passage of one boat at a time; and, although the rise and fall are insignificant, the keepers never hurry themselves. Yet we did not find this tedious, for generally there is a waterfall or pleasant glade whereat to spend the interval while the lock is being filled; and if too late to get on board by the landing-plank, we could always scramble over the ship's sides, or the captain would quietly wait our re-appearance.

Arrived at Trollhättan Falls we were beset by bare-footed beggars.

No mosquito could equal their pertinacity; it was long a question whether they would not force me to give our Gladstone bags

into their charge, as we ascended the mile and a half of pine forest which separated us from the hotel.

The engineering here is a masterpiece. Nine tremendous locks succeed one another with no interval, by means of which ships are carried up the rocky face of the cliff, down which a cascade might be rushing.

With the falls of the river—which, of course, are avoided by means of this cutting—I was disappointed. I ought not to have been, for I think falls are generally disappointing.

There was no lack of water, which is the weak point of most falls; but, like Schaffhausen, the immense volume of water breaks into a succession of rapids over sloping beds of rock, and the effect, stand where you will, is poor, and is only redeemed by the deafening roar, which sounds extremely fine in the pine forest which hangs over the stream.

The master of the hotel was everyone combined—waiter, boots, chamber-maid, ostler, and, even in the midst of these avocations, guide to the Falls.

It was most amusing to see the bare-footed

individuals who held all these, apparently for them, sinecure posts, staring in mute amazement at their ubiquitous chief.

I never saw before, and I never expect again to see, such an indefatigable man, who added to his other accomplishments that of being an excellent linguist. The only thing which he did not seem to understand was, how to charge. We had the best of everything at dinner, liqueur, coffee, capital beds, lights, attendance, breakfast, and a drive of eight miles at five a.m. to the station, for 9 kroner each (9s. 9d.)

With regard to our drive, had the ancient heathens been able to observe us from the precipices from which, we read, they threw themselves when tired of life among the charming wooded heights which approach Lake Wenern on this side, they would, I am sure, have paused awhile to enjoy the spectacle.

We were seated in a trim little vehicle, it is true, and I have nothing to say against our good-stepping little cob; but the pace at which we drove was portioned out on a spurting principle.

We tore like the wind at first—our driver sitting hansom-style behind, and periodically lashing our faces with reins which resembled strips of Brussels carpet; but when we came—not to a hill, for there were none—but to a hillock on the road, we stopped to crawl, and it was long before we recovered the pace at which we had started.

At length we came to a very gentle incline, which really did not last a hundred yards. The driver thought it his duty to alight, so did I; but no sooner was I down, than he was up again, only to descend when I remounted. This farce we carried on for some time, to the immense amusement of my wife.

It was evident that mercy in moderation was his motto.

We saw *en route* some curious-looking birds with whitish beaks, black head and tail, and grey back and breast, which I suggested were crows; but my wife, resenting this attempt (which it really was) upon her credulity, inquired of our driver what they were.

One word in answer sufficed—they were "cro-caws"!

We caught our train, because we happened to be in time. I say happened, for I had but just discovered that every station of any pretensions has pretensions to its own time. A calculation has, therefore, always to be made, with Gothenburg as a base, with regard to when one's train is likely to arrive; but, of course, this is easily done if one will only take the trouble to ascertain the exact latitude and longitude of any particular station, for the sun's time, instead of that of an uniform system, decides the point.

In this, as in all things affecting the clock, their management is perfectly execrable.

For instance, at 6.15 I am expected to say it is "a quarter towards seven." This is stupid enough. But the next is worse, and completes my confusion. At 6.45 I am expected to use the same expression, and say it is "a quarter towards seven" too!

The character of the scenery throughout our twelve hours' journey to Stockholm was tame and uninteresting, yet seldom dreary.

We remarked how many of these southern Swedes, rich and poor alike, speak English,

and speak it with fluency and a tolerably good accent too—in which, however, the Yankee drawl is generally to be detected, not, perhaps, on account of their having learnt the tongue from our Western cousins, but from the fact that, in the provinces of West Gothland and Wermland, through which we have been passing, they pronounce their own tongue with a peculiar drawl, which is very ugly, and not at all like the pretty cadence of Stockholm and neighbourhood.

At Herrljunga we had occasion to make some alteration in our luggage on the platform.

Not from motives of curiosity, but, as we soon discovered, from a real interest in our welfare, a young Swede of thirty years prowled round and 'round' us, apparently watching the operation with the greatest interest.

At length he seemed suddenly inspired with a knowledge of our previous history, destination, &c., for he offered his services if we were in a difficulty about our luggage, asked if we had just landed (though this was far up the country), told me, as if he already knew, what I was just

thinking about but had not said, viz. that you must see your baggage into the van yourself, even when labelled, which operation they seem to take a real delight in here, for a boy was told off to paste nearly the whole of the four sides of our Gladstone bags, and a tin box of provisions, before he applied a label about the size of a railway ticket.

Our friend also said that he found it of common occurrence that the officials send your luggage *after* you, and not *with* you.

Smiling at our simplicity in making so distant and northern a district as Lapland our aim, he inquired anxiously as to the probable attitude of England at the present crisis, and remarked that though people laughed at our policy in time of peace, no one ever yet did laugh when once we put our "invincible forces" into motion.

Having delivered himself of this complimentary speech, and conducted us, hat in hand, to a compartment in the train, he withdrew.

His general appearance, costume, and quiet, gentlemanly demeanour suggested to our minds

that he might be a member of Upsala University, and in this we afterwards found we had been correct.

The Swedish buffets are few, but admirably managed.

Everything is arranged on a large centre table, at which are placed no chairs; the plates are piled, the knives and forks stacked. You help yourself, and then repair to a small side-table, repeating the operation as often as you please, and pay about 1s. 6d. per head to a waiter stationed at the door to receive the money. There are generally two kinds of soup, salmon in abundance, veal stew, leg of something, several kinds of vegetables, pastry, stewed fruit, and huge dishes of cream.

Although it was 10 p.m. ere we reached Stockholm, we spent an hour or two scouring the town for the sake of a little exercise before retiring to rest at Rydberg's excellent hotel.

Stockholm is indeed the "Venice of the North," if by that title the highest praise is intended to be bestowed upon it.

But the sharpness of the air, the cold tints.

at sunrise and sunset, the phlegmatic character of the inhabitants, and the rapid flow of the stream from Malar Lake into the Baltic, contrast strangely with the relaxing air of the "Queen of the Adriatic," the soft, warm tints of her horizon, the vivacity of her people, and the sluggish movement of her canals.

With regard to the Palace, our own bedroom (the grandest, however, in the hotel) compared favourably with many of the royal apartments; these, on the other hand, wore an air of comfort and homeliness I never saw in any royal residence before.

Fancy walking into the Queen's private apartments at Windsor, and inspecting the books and work which she had but just laid aside on taking a short flight to Osborne or elsewhere!

Yet our cicerone here, an old servant, took up little articles as if they were her own so simply and unconcernedly that it was truly refreshing, after the pomp with which a beadle or greater dignitary marches one round generally on these occasions, seeking to inspire one with an awe for the palace and its owner by his very gait.

An excursion to Upsala Cathedral and University, eighty miles there and back by train, repaid us well.

The students wear an uniform cap—white cloth with a black velvet band and a rosette of the Swedish colours above the peak. They assemble in separate lecture-houses (which answer partly to our colleges) according to their "nations," *i.e.* according to the province from which they come.

It was unfortunately not "term" time, but we were much thrown in the way with many of them subsequently, and a more genial, friendly, polite set of young fellows it would be difficult to find.

It would be well if most of the Bonn and Heidelberg students whom I have met could take a lesson from them in these respects.

The Cathedral is interesting for its antiquity and good proportions, but it is built of brick, coloured dusky-red, on a foundation of grey granite, which abounds here, and the effect is the reverse of pleasing.

We inspected the Carolina Rediviva, or Uni-

versity Library, which was undergoing repairs in preparation for the Jubilee which was to come off next month; yet the books were lying about among the workmen thickly coated with dust and plaster!

We were most anxious to see the gem of the collection—the famous *Codex Argenteus* of the fifth century—a Bible MS. in Runic characters; as was also a Berlin Librarian, who showed us his card, and with some degree of confidence sent it to the Curator.

I hardly know whether I was more sorry for ourselves, for the German, or for the credit of the Swede, when no answer was vouchsafed, and, of course, no *Codex* produced.

The poor man, mortified and crestfallen, started Berlinwards without casting even a parting glance in our direction.

Having an hour or two to spare, we determined to spend it at Gamla (Old) Upsala, three miles north of the city.

We were taken to a stable by a shop-boy, who said a few words to the ostler, and then, with that very obtuse individual, stood and stared at us.

We gave up requesting a vehicle at last, and jumped into one, holding our watches in our hands, and urging him to put to immediately.

This, with some further hesitation, he proceeded to do; but we were not off yet, for "Coachy" stood, reins in hand, 'tis true, but shaking his head at the name of Gamla Upsala!

We grew desperate as time shortened, and I essayed to seize the reins, and proceed without him, when the direction seemed to flash at last across his stupid brain, and he carried us to one of the most interesting spots in Europe.

Standing amidst a grove of trees on which as many as a hundred human victims have been suspended at the same time in sacrifice to the gods, the little Swedish church is a picturesque object from the surrounding country, and, on closer inspection, the remains of the walls of the old heathen temple are still traceable, worked in with the more modern masonry.

In the churchyard we noticed a peculiar custom of carving on the top of the tombstones

a pair of candlesticks with lighted candles. How interesting it was to linger in this hallowed Christian ground, and to reflect that the days were when children were made to pass through the fire to Moloch on this very spot!

But we had yet to see what is considered the great attraction here. Within a stone's throw of the church rise three tremendous tumuli, each covered with a little scanty grass, and separated only a few yards from one another.

These are and have always been considered the graves of Odin, Thor, and Freia, who were three of the most redoubtable Gothic warriors, and who led their savage hordes to victory, till they established themselves in the Scandinavian peninsula. Thenceforth the people revered their memory by worshipping them as gods, giving to each especial days in the week; from which, as we all know, is derived our Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

Close beside these is another and a smaller tumulus, on which in former times the newly-crowned king made his proclamation, nearly the last king who observed this custom being the great Gustavus Vasa, A.D. 1523.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

En route back a homely scene presented itself. Our course lay for some distance parallel with and close to the single line of railway. A man and woman were making hay in a field which was intersected by the line. Whether it was a stipulation in the sale of their property when the line was made I know not, but certain it is that they were possessed of a truck which fitted the rails, and between the trains (which indeed are few and far between) they were loading their novel cart with hay: we watched them till, wearied with their labour, they reposed with the utmost serenity on the top of the load! We breathed again—having no longer any apprehension about catching our train. Neither were we deceived; though I feel sure the strange obstruction saved us.

Arriving in Stockholm early enough, we made a pilgrimage to the churches, but all to no purpose; they are rarely open, and the sacristan leaves no address and generally lives the other side of the town; however, when we did discover the hour &c., we were merely rewarded with whitewashed walls, and architecture of the severest type. The Riddar-

holm's Kyrka is in part an exception to this rule, being the burial-place of the Swedish kings.

A visit to Mr. Ap George, the courteous British Vice-Consul, who most kindly furnished us with a letter to the British consul for the North of the Gulf of Bothnia, brought us, on the succeeding day, almost to the time for our departure; but just as we had established ourselves snugly on board the *Njord*, which was lying at the Skeppsbron quays on the Baltic side of Stockholm, I fancied I had left some Swedish bank-notes on our table at the hotel (which proved afterwards happily not to be the case), so ascertaining from the captain there was just time to fly one mile to the hotel and back, I dashed off, and burst into our late apartment, but paused and began to retreat when I saw a man and his wife, luggage in hand, had just arrived to take possession. The man, however, did not let me off so easily, but sprang to the door, as I supposed to inquire the cause of my intrusion. What was my surprise to find it was a gentleman who had crossed with us to Gothenburg, and given us

much information about Swedish manners and customs!

I then begged to be allowed to make my search, which was courteously permitted; but the scene was ludicrous, the lady standing motionless in the centre of the room, while I dived under the bed, and her husband under the table. At length I gave up, and thanked him for so kindly assisting me, as I flattered myself he had been doing; when he honestly informed me that, having just lost a sleeve-link, he had really been doing business on his own account.

On leaving the room, my eye caught a tin box (in this case doubtless containing that for which it was made—a lady's bonnet), and feeling sure it was ours, containing our whole stock of edibles for the north, I seized it and was making off when once more my egress was arrested, and my attention drawn to the direction on the label. This time I fear they must have suspected that my intentions were not honest from the first; so with several bows and scrapes to prevent my departure from wearing the appearance of flight, I effected a disorderly

retreat downstairs and back to the boat, just in time to rejoin my wife, who might otherwise have sailed with less than a penny in her pocket, to carry her to Lapland and back, while I might have been left to the tender mercies of a Swedish policeman!

CHAPTER III.

THERE is something truly delightful in this journey from Stockholm to the top of the Gulf of Bothnia. You have all the advantages of sea-air with none of the discomforts, as you never take to the open sea, but run up and down fiords, threading your way through numberless islets, and stopping every day for several hours at two or three ports.

The cabins are snug and warm, with two sofas in each, answering the purpose of beds at night, and a writing-table convertible into a washing-stand.

The *mat salong* (or eating saloon) is forward, by which arrangement the smell of food never reaches the cabins, and the *cuisine* to my mind not to be surpassed by the French: very few passengers, nobody interferes with you, and you do what you like. You know exactly how long

it is safe to wander on shore, as the time of departure from each port is chalked on a blackboard, and very fairly adhered to.

We had the luxury of an electric bell in our cabin, which however, as is the case with most of these scientific arrangements, refused to ring.

We burned coal till it was all consumed, and then the engine fires were supplied with pine logs, a large stock of which we laid in at every port.

The reading saloon is furnished with a piano (in tune!) nailed to the floor; and we made frequent use of it for the practice of Swedish melodies.

The decks are carpeted during the day, and well supplied with lounging garden-seats; an awning protects you from sun or rain, and after the evening meal coffee and liqueurs are handed round on deck, where, as you journey further northward, it is possible to sit writing, sewing, or reading the smallest print all night.

There is a post-office on board, as every large vessel carries the mails; the journey northwards by land being a tedious affair along this strangely indented coast.

The richer male inhabitants of each port seem to make a point of feeding on board the vessel if time suits ; and, I grieve to say, in very many instances, of getting drunk on spirits ere they leave the deck. Our fellow-passengers consisted chiefly of Northern farmers or merchants, with here and there a government official, to be distinguished by his gold lace cap of office.

Two farmers returning to Ångermanland deserve notice. They were dressed in their provincial costume, which is as follows : a long coat, like a livery coat, shaped in at the waist, with brass buttons the whole way down, tight collar, long white woollen stockings, shoes with buckles, and caps like jockey-caps. They were fine strong-built men, with pleasant faces.

We steamed slowly out of Stockholm on a lovely afternoon, past a large Danish man-of-war, which obstructed all traffic pretty considerably, and then began that scenery for which the six hours' approach to Stockholm from the Baltic is so famous. You neither see the mainland on one side, nor the open Baltic on the other, but steer in and out through innumerable islets,

which seem for the most part to be uninhabited, and as there are so many channels the traffic does not appear to be great, which gives the effect to the whole of a vast ornamental piece of water; and this conception is aided by the fact that there is but little undergrowth, and the trees seem to be planted in order, with a neat carpet of moss beneath them running down to the water's edge. Of course such is not really the case, though it is extremely difficult to divest oneself of the idea that it is so.

I will here make an extract from my wife's journal:—"At 11.30 p.m. we were off the Åland Islands, and Donald awoke me, to have our first peep of Russian territory, and to imagine the bombardment of Bomarsund, as we glided by the locality where that fortress once stood. Donald awoke me again at 3 a.m. to see the sun rise, which had but lately set. That ever-alert Donald woke me once more at 6 a.m., this time with a good deal of trouble, to witness the approach to the large harbour of Gefle."

The fact is, all the way up this gulf there is as much to be seen and done at night as during

the day; and as to the people, both on board and on shore, they do not seem to regulate their time for going to roost by the hour, but simply when they feel tired. Thus, you see people lying about on deck and on the quays, sleeping out the greater part of the day.

As six hours was our advertised stay at Gefle (provincially pronounced Yeffel), I was glad to while away the time by lolling over the stern, trying to fish with a weighted fly for lack of better bait. The Swedes saw my difficulty; and, while one passenger went below and procured some raw meat and pieces of scone (neither of which we could have possibly asked for), another went on shore, and somehow (amongst the timber?) found several worms. Neither waited to be thanked, but all took a lively interest in my salmon-rod. Whereupon I cast out sixty yards, which seemed to give immense satisfaction, but which nearly cost me my whole tackle; for a steam launch hove in sight, and bore down upon us at the critical moment, and it was a race against time whether my line would

be on board before the launch severed its connection with me for ever.

At each port we appeared to pick up innumerable additions to our party, who, however, disappeared ere we left. This puzzled us for some time; till we learnt that almost the only piece of gaiety the inhabitants of these very dull towns have, is (as I said before) to feed on board the passing steamer, and, be the meal what it may, to assemble after it on the quarter-deck and drink raw spirits. But, unfortunately, this latter part of the entertainment is seldom carried on in moderation. Gentleman and peasant swear eternal friendship on these occasions, and all get drunk, noisily drunk, together. As a nation they seem to be fearfully addicted to spirituous liquors, far more than the Britisher, who, as a rule, outstrips his neighbours at this loathsome propensity. We saw more drunkards in Sweden in a week than in many months spent in Germany, France, or Italy. These remarks, be it understood, apply only to Norra Sverige, or that part of the country which lies to the north of latitude 60°.

The beauty of the sunrising and of the sunsetting defies description. Lying lazily in our berths—which, fortunately, were on the starboard side of the ship,—we saw the glorious orb suddenly pop out of the water like a distant revolving-light or a Roman candle. It was some moments before we could realise that there was any more of him to come, so perfect and round does this little golden ball appear to the sight. Gradually, however, the whole of the large disc discloses himself, and the peculiarly beautiful tints begin to vanish. Between 1 and 3 a.m. there is no sleeping when the clouds are shrouded in the most glorious shades of light, awaiting the return of the sun.

Arrived at Söderhamn, we were strolling about the quays and town as usual, when we fell in with three Englishmen, captains of three merchant vessels, which happened to be lying in harbour.

"Brown" was of the John Bull type, huge waist-measurement and a rubicund nose, which showed he knew well how to keep the cold out in these northern latitudes. His vocabulary was

limited, and it was almost impossible to avoid laughing when he used a favourite expression for almost everything. It ran somewhat as follows :—

"Mosquitoes bad in Lapland? Oh, terrible about there, I believe; but in the West Indies they used to 'turn in' when night came on, and then, oh! they just did 'turn in' and bite my poor legs. But I used to 'turn in' and rub them with oil; but the salt-water it 'turned in' and made them smart, so that I used to 'turn in' every night, and hollar. These Swedes, they've got no money; and when they're with their own people, they 'turn in' and do without it; but when they meets an Englishman, they 'turn in' and ask for double wages; and I—I 'turn in' and give 'em something else for their pains, I do. I hope, sir, you'll 'turn in' and have a pleasant trip to Lapland."

With that he showed his real kindliness under a rough exterior, for he had only just got the *Times* twelve days old, but offered it us to amuse us in our weary route northwards; for he said we should value it more

SÖDERHAMN BROWN JONES AND ROBINSON

than he who was homeward-bound. I immediately "turned in" and brought him a copy only eleven days old, which delighted him immensely.

On parting we asked him if he knew where we could get specimens of antique Swedish or Lapp silver, for as yet we had tried in vain. The beam of satisfaction on his face was worth beholding, as, without another word, he whipped out of his pouch a 12-skilling Norwegian piece (now obsolete), and presented it to me on the principle that "one good turn deserves another;" adding, that he had tried to pass it, in vain, everywhere, and was sure it must be the old silver of which I was in search. Of course I let the good man feel he had satisfied our requirements.

"Jones" had more the Yankee cast of countenance; but, so far from being loquacious or a boaster, he spent the time of our interview with an occasional nod or grin when addressed; only winking his eye when "Brown," or we, solicited the favour of his concurrence in our views. I fancy the poor man had but

little breath to spare; which was by no means the case with "Robinson," who came up a little later, and knocked us all completely out of time.

He arrived, surrounded by some Swedish sailors, who were asking apparently for double wages, on the strength that they were going to get married, or that they were going to assist at a wedding! (N.B.—They all get drunk here on these nuptial occasions, and it is a custom of the peasantry to solicit aid to effect this object many days before the appointed time.) He dismissed the poor wretches with one or two epithets in the English tongue, which, although they may have been unintelligible, had the desired effect; for away they scampered to their boat, and made for the opposite shore as fast as their oars would propel them.

"Robinson" then began a statement of his views on the temperance question in the broadest Yorkshire dialect; and with such power and eloquence did he hold forth, that had not the warning whistle from our steamer (which sounds the quarter of an hour before,

five minutes before, and at the start) broken up the conference, we should, I am sure, still be standing listening to him in mute amazement.

CHAPTER IV.

After touching at Hudiksvall in the night, and at Sundsvall the next day, we reached Hernösand towards evening. Before describing this latter place I must recount what occurred about this period with regard to our food.

Ever since starting we had had an impression that the waitresses in the *mat salong* were not very favourably disposed towards us; and as their objection, whatever it might be, seemed to increase we were very desirous of ascertaining the reason, for being the only English on board throughout the trip we were anxious and ready to make friends with everybody. At last we obtained a solution of the mystery.

There was a certain book which always made its appearance at meal-times, and in

which from time to time we noticed our fellow-passengers writing, but desirous not to appear inquisitive we always avoided the book. One evening, as we were finishing a luxurious supper, it was held somewhat menacingly before our noses, and a sign made that we should write an account in it of what we had just been eating.

The secret of the servants' dissatisfaction was now out. It appears we ought, after each meal, to have written in that book a list of everything we had eaten and drunk since the previous one, and from that important list the bill was to be made out on reaching our destination. Having helped us liberally and never finding a record of the food in the book, they evidently suspected our honesty was at fault; but the difficulty having been now cleared up, and the book written in under their own superintendence, we were henceforth greeted with nothing but smiles and bows, and quite overpowered with attentions.

The diocese of Hernösand is the most northern in Sweden, and embraces the whole of Swedish Lappmark, besides the intervening country. A little knot of Church dignitaries

live here, in a kind of Close, round the hideous Cathedral; we learnt that when a man is ordained he almost invariably chooses the diocese in which he was born, and remains in it: this accounts for the astonishing acquaintance each clergyman seems to possess with every one of his reverend brethren in the same diocese.

There are, too, provincial schools to which boys of the same province alone go, and, as I said before, provincial "colleges" at the universities.

When a Crown living falls vacant (and the Crown patronage seems to be very extensive) any comminister (or curate) who is thought eligible by his friends is sent to the Cathedral city, and there, amongst the other candidates, has to preach a "specimen" sermon before the proper authorities: if there are many competitors, special services are held, the final election resting of course with the Crown.

The diocese of Hernösand being at least 500 miles long by the breadth of North Sweden, and there being no railways (save

a few miles of rail to convey minerals to the coast, and this only in two places) throughout its entire extent, while other means of locomotion seldom exceed five miles per hour, much labour must be spent on this trial sermon in more ways than one, with many chances to one against success.

As we strolled through the wooden city, we were accosted by a gentlemanly-looking young man, whom I at first took to be a guide, scarcely conceiving, at the same time, that that human nuisance could possibly have found his way so far from the beaten track, and was about to wave him off when, most fortunately, I glanced at his raised cap, and on it perceived the now well-known university badge. He asked to be permitted to join us in our walk as he was very anxious, he said, to pick up what he could of foreign languages, especially English, for he had just commenced studying for the diplomatic service with a view of being attached some day to the Swedish Embassy in London, and it was

seldom as a Norrlander that he got the opportunity of an English chat.

Nothing could exceed his politeness and civility; he ran to three different houses to procure the cathedral key; each time, fearing lest we should move off, he seated us on a gate, and, putting his hand on our knees, said emphatically, "Stay there!" On the last occasion we did not "stay there," but descended from our perch on the church-yard gate to the west door of the cathedral, where, to the good man's mortification, we ourselves discovered the key hanging, as large as life, on the handle. This we found to be very generally the custom further north, not only as regards public buildings, but private houses also; the key hanging outside the front door being a sign that the owner is not at home! It is needless to add that the burglar is a species of animal that has hitherto not been imported into these regions.

Our friend took us on to the cemetery, over the portal of which, as we everywhere observed, was written in huge characters,

"Tänk på Döden" (Remember death!) We were much impressed by the affectionate care evidently bestowed by the Swedes on the last resting-places of their friends. In most towns and villages in the north (and for all I know, in the south too), you will see ladies and children, and sometimes soldiers, pouring out on summer evenings to "God's acre," with rakes and hoes in their hands, intent upon bestowing at least equal care upon this spot with that which they bestow on their ornamental lawns at home.

Having shown us the graves of his "village Hampdens," our Swede conducted us to the quays, and finding we were to start two hours late (which as you get further northwards becomes not unfrequently the case), he took us to a portion of the quays set apart for the Finnish ships which come in daily from the opposite coast.

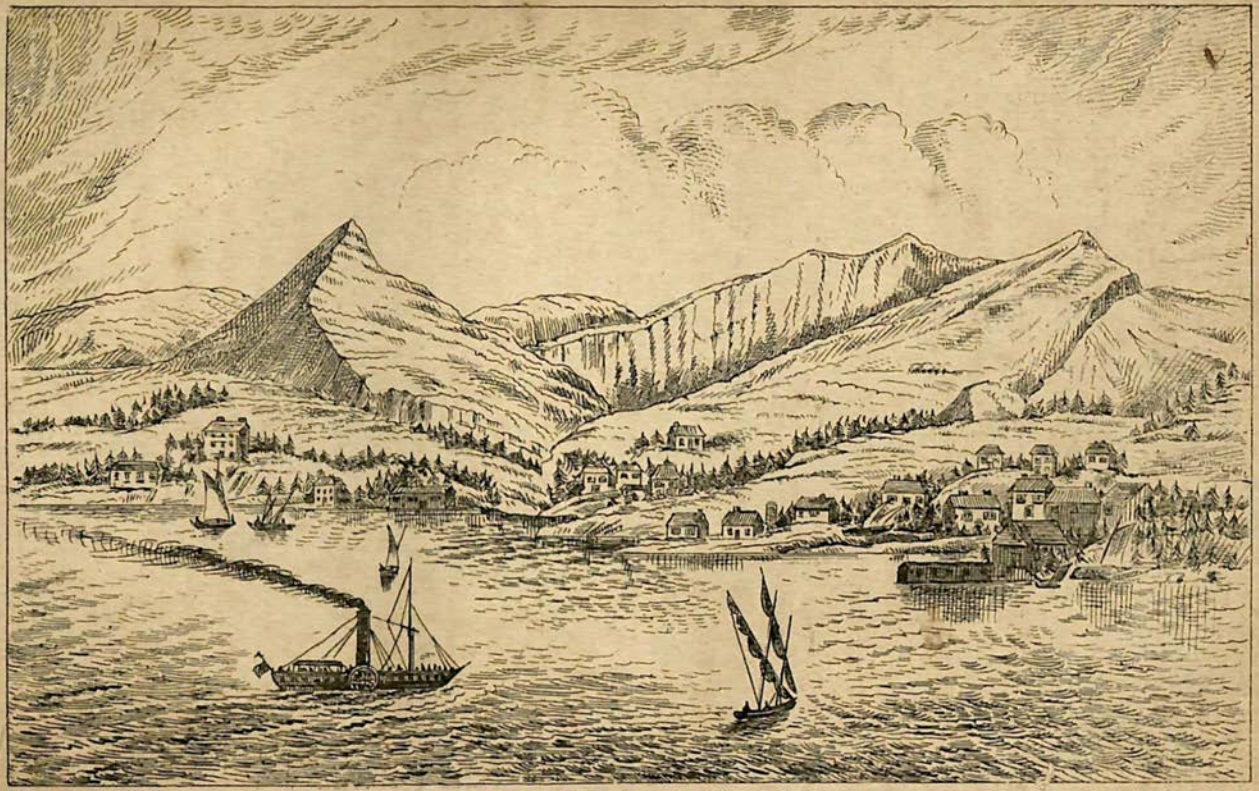
The principal trade is in butter, and judging from the fact that they are not allowed to unlade amongst other ships, they must butter the blade of the long knife which

hangs from every man's girdle pretty thickly; for our informant told us that so slippery is this weapon in its scabbard the natives do not care, after dark, to go near them!

I remember that at some other port we were strolling, at a late hour, towards one of their butter encampments, when a Swedish boatman sprang up from beneath a landing-stage, placed his hand on my shoulder, and pointing towards the Finnish ship, warned me on no account to approach nearer.

Women and children seem to come over in as large numbers as the men, who are square-shouldered, muscular little men, somewhat swarthy in complexion, wearing brass belts, from which hang innumerable pendants, and generally a sheathed knife, unless it is to be seen protruding from the trousers pocket. I could quite fancy that they are violent and quarrelsome, for there is a suppressed look of ferocity and a hang-dog expression on the countenance which is by no means reassuring.

Before parting our friend the Swede—with whom we had all this time *conversed* in dif-



ORNSKÖLDSVIK FJORD

ferent languages, English, Swedish, French, Danish, German, and even Latin, in their turn supplying a word—promised us on his return to Upsala a photograph of Hernösand Cathedral; and as we chanced to see him for a moment three weeks afterwards, he immediately recognised us, and shouted "The kind Englanders, I will not forget, a fotograf shall have;" and I do not doubt but that he will keep his promise, feeling the while that the kindness was entirely on his side.

The next place, Ornsköldsvik, we stopped at during the night, but rose to see the prettiest point on this coast as we steamed out of the lovely natural harbour and made for Umeå, or rather the port of Umeå, for the little town lies several miles further up the gulf. Here we explored that which is the main feature of every port the whole way up —the vast timber-yard.

You might walk for miles in and out of the stacks of pine planks lying ready for exportation, until at last the labyrinth of paths might prove a maze more difficult to extricate yourself from than any which are constructed

on purpose to entrap you in England. Such was our experience when the warning whistle of the steamer screamed, and we had to quit the paths and strike in the direction of the sound "across country," *i.e.* over and between the rough planks, which soon told a tale on our feet, encased as they were in india-rubber shoes, so comfortable and convenient for wet decks, &c., but so ill-adapted to this kind of work.

Yet we need not have hurried, for the whistle was from a steamer alongside ours, and as usual, we were to spend several extra hours at the port. It was Sunday, and we had had service in our cabin by ourselves, for there was not a single other English person on board throughout the whole voyage; but espying what appeared to be a regular English church, stone built &c., we made for it, but soon discovered our mistake, afterwards learning that it was erected for the Lutherans at the expense of an English merchant of Gothenburg, Mr. Dickson, who owns much property here.

Away we steamed round a bleak and comparatively sterile promontory, where the Gulf

of Bothnia is at its narrowest not more than sixty miles across, the only trees visible being the fir, birch, and aspen. The navigation at times is extremely intricate, the vessel's course being marked out with poles crowned by a tuft of green, and in many places these poles approach one another so closely that there is barely room for one vessel to steer between, and yet the actual islands are often at these places two or three miles apart.

Our next stopping-place was Råthan, a wild desolate-looking place; the *Ribes arcticus*, and several other specimens of the Arctic flora, growing in profusion, and indicating our near approach to those regions.

It was here that one of the most fearful military tragedies of this century was enacted, and we were able to visit the spot through the kindness of one of our fellow-passengers—a sort of commissioner of woods and forests, who himself had some difficulty in discovering it.

In the Russo-Swedish war of 1809, the Gulf of Bothnia being completely frozen over, a Russian party crossed on foot for the purpose of making a foray. They reached Råthan

after a sixty miles' march, half dead with cold, starving, frost-bitten, and scarcely able to crawl ashore. A Swedish colonel with his regiment, 1,000 strong, was posted here to watch the whole of this icebound coast during the winter: he received and treated them with the utmost kindness; and as there were scarcely any inhabitants (there are now only a few cottages), the soldiers themselves nursed their prostrate enemies for the space of two months, till all had recovered their strength.

One day when the colonel was putting his men through an unarmed drill on an improvised exercise ground, the Russians treacherously seizing the arms, massacred the colonel and every one of his men on the spot where they stood, where now stands a simple iron cross, bearing testimony to the most dastardly act which could possibly have been perpetrated. I am sorry to have to add that they effected their retreat across the Gulf in safety.

I may as well here describe a few of our fellow-passengers. They commenced in number twelve, which soon grew to fifty. Most of them changed every six hours, but

a certain contingent started and will finish with us.

Besides the before-mentioned farmers, there is a very bright-looking girl who hails from Avasaxa, a region of the midnight sun, and close to the Finland border. She seems very proud of an English friend at Luleå, whose name she introduces at every opportunity, but only, I think, that she may speak of the brother-in-law of this English friend, whom she actually succeeded in telling us is her "young man" (which, by the by, was evident during his short stay on the boat). She wears a plain gold ring on her wedding finger, as a sign of her engagement; to this will be added a similar one at her nuptials, and a third, as she tells us, would be the gift of her husband at the birth of her first son! We afterwards found this to be an universal custom in these parts.

A widow (who discards all rings save her wedding one), on her way to Jockmock, is a resident in Lapland although a Swede, and has charge of a little boy who is at school at Quickjock, the capital of Lapland. She takes immense interest in us, and our destination;

while the little boy has a fancy for every English book we produce, and pronounces the words, as most Swedes do, with scarcely any accent.

Two dear old gentlemen—twins as we think, uncle and nephew as we afterwards discover, —are *en route* to Haaparanda, the border town of Sweden, and the most northerly of the Gulf. The elder has sons, merchants in Gothenburg, of whom he is very proud. Like most stout people they are both exceedingly good-natured, but, with the exception of the Claimant, I have never seen such masses of human flesh before. How they managed to get into the scraps of cabins allotted to them remained a mystery to us. I went so far one night as to mount guard, in the hopes of seeing one or other of them perform the feat, and I renewed my watch the next morning, but was disappointed, and can only conjecture that their bones must have been comparatively small, and that thus they were enabled to squeeze the flesh through the narrow aperture.

The commissioner of woods and forests comes next. He is distinguishable as a Government official by the gold lace on his

cap, and is by far the liveliest of our companions. A Dalecarlian by birth, he has evidently inherited the sprightly, independent character of his race, who have ever been renowned in Swedish history for their love of freedom, their daring spirit, and their indomitable perseverance in resisting the numerous invaders who sought the Swedish crown.

He looks like an Arctic fox; with all that animal's sharpness, and none of its cunning; he has a sort of snappish way of pronouncing his words, which flow from his mouth quite at the rate of three for one of his fellow-countrymen. Had he been an Englishman you would have marked him down as a conceited coxcomb, and you would probably have been right; but this man deserves no such imputation,—manner, speech, and appearance being all representative of that still primitive un-Swedish race, the inhabitants of the Dal valley, so rich in ore of more than one description.

A Swede of three years' experience in Yankee-land completes our party, *i.e.* those with whom we to some extent have made friends. He has acted generally as interpreter, and we are very

sorry to lose him at Umeå. I shall always remember him as he used to stand, judge-like, with our dictionary in his hand, while we carried on a dialogue through him, one of us at one elbow, a Swede at the other, for all the world like plaintiff and defendant.

At Skellefteå we picked up one whom afterwards it was our pleasant fate to meet again and again. We soon, according to the custom of the country, exchanged cards, and I then discovered him to be a clergyman, although he was wearing his white University cap, and a lay dress; the title Fil. Stud. after his name answering probably to our M.A. or B.A.

He was in charge of a pupil, the son of a wealthy Southerner, and was, he said, *en route* for Jockmock, in Lapland, where he was to tie the knot at his brother's "Bröllop" or wedding. How interesting to us was this announcement with Lloyd's "Peasant Life in Sweden" in our hands! for the author gives long graphic accounts of these ceremonies, apparently the most important civil or religious, that could take place, according to the Swedish mind, ancient and modern alike.

We enjoyed our six hours at Piteå, the next port, immensely. All the streets run parallel and at right angles to one another, and are perfectly straight, the houses being all of wood. The whole reminds one of our permanent camps. We saw one of these houses in process of being built. A foundation is laid of stone, reaching the height of one stone, or about two feet above the surface of the earth. On this pine planks are laid and morticed together; the crevices between them being filled with moss in lieu of mortar. How the lowest layer of wood holds to the stone we were unable to discover, although we examined the work pretty closely, and saw the planks laid simply on the stone.

The Governor of the province of Norrboten (which includes Lapland and runs to the Russian and Norwegian frontiers) resides here, his mansion and grounds reminding one of a small English country-house. It was in this town that we were amused by the inattention to business displayed by its principal shopkeeper. Being anxious to purchase a woodman's knife and several other articles, we found we could

gain no admittance, and were at length informed by a passer-by that the owner had gone to fish awhile in the river, but that doubtless he would be back in an hour or two, if we liked to wait! Strange to say, we did; but in the town, not at the door of the shop; though had we been so dishonestly minded, we could easily have taken the key from its peg, and entering in, helped ourselves.

At midnight on Monday, August 6th, we reached our destination, Luleå, close to the head of the Gulf; and right sorry were we to quit the comfortable *Njord*, and to bid adieu to her kind-hearted captain, who, as a parting mark of favour, came to us in the course of the afternoon, as we were writing letters on the lower deck, proffered his arm to my wife, and beckoning me to follow with the materials, marched us up to his own little deck cabin amidships, where he spread out his chart and nautical instruments, and pointed out, that we might observe as we wrote, the marvellously intricate navigation which is requisite for the last four hours' approach to Luleå.

There really seems to be more land than water here, so studded is the Gulf with rocks and islets; or, as the Captain expressively put it when he took a piece of paper and sprinkled sand on it, declaring that in these parts "it rained islands."

On arriving at midnight at Luleå our fellow-passengers could not do too much for us.

The Upsala clerical student seized a cart drawn by a sturdy pony, which was standing in a shed hard by, and listening to no expostulations on the part of the driver, who evidently wanted to do something else, began placing our things upon it, directing the unwilling youth to help him.

One of the fat men actually ran (I never saw him run before, and thought he couldn't) to ascertain from another part of the quays whether there would soon be a boat up the river, and found, what we should never have found, that there was one "imorgon tidig" (early to-morrow).

As to the Dalecarlian, he struggled for a few minutes with his slender knowledge of French and English, amounting to some half-

dozen words, and at length stammered out, "God be you protége."

Truly these Swedes are a kind, simple-hearted, affectionate people.

CHAPTER V.

NEXT morning we rose betimes, and wondered what was to become of our necessary purchases, our letter to the Consul, &c., as the boat sailed at 8 a.m.

However we decided to leave the letter in the Dead Letter Office, *i.e.* our Gladstone bag, which was packed with *un*necessaries to await our return from the north; and the active little *piga*, or chambermaid, settled the former question by carrying us off to several shop doors, at which we battered till admission was granted us, and a number of articles displayed from which we selected a pair of stout Swedish gloves each (which are dearer in Sweden than in London), and a large bottle of brandy. I was anxious to add to these a couple of pairs of the deliciously soft Lapp boots, made of reindeer skin, but as they persisted in producing Wellingtons I gave it up.

In the courtyard of the hotel a sight greeted us on our return which we are not likely ever to forget.

We now beheld our first Lapp!

She had been brought there by our *piga* for the purpose, and for a time we four formed a *tableau vivant*—each too much occupied with our own thoughts to address the other.

The *piga* exhibited the Lapp washerwoman (for such was her employment) as a showman would a monkey.

And the Lapp washerwoman knew what she was there for, and responded to the wishes of her superior by putting on a grimace the like of which I never saw before.

"Poor little thing!" says my wife in her diary; "only four feet high" (we measured her); "a withered, wizened, wrinkled woman; an evident denizen of the witch-world, barren Lapland—the abode of *trolls*" (dwarf-spirits).

She was sixty-three, but, as we afterwards found, the faces of young and old alike are deeply lined. She wore a frock reaching a little below her knees, made of reindeer skin patched with a gay Scotch tartan; her feet

were clad in reindeer skin boots, very large and flat, with flaps like an Oxford tie, well turned up at the toes, and stuffed with hay in lieu of stockings. Her head-dress consisted of a high blue woollen cap, something of the shape of that which our soldiers of the eighteenth century wore, and rather taller than a busby; it had no peak, but fitted close round the head, displaying beneath it shaggy black locks, and one of those senseless, meaningless physiognomies the like of which I never wish to see again. The cast of countenance is Asiatic, but the whole face so deeply lined—I might almost say, scarred—that I can only liken it to a roughly-made mask. No wonder that the Swedes, superstitious above measure as they still are for a civilised race, should ever have connected these far north country folk with something horrible and uncanny, and have identified them with the "trolls," or imaginary dwarfs, who are supposed to appear when misfortune or death is about to enter the house.

"Good-bye," said she, as we left her; then added pathetically and very wistfully, "You are going into my country!"

Do you know what it is to have very few dear friends, and to part with one of them?

If so you can sympathise with us when we bade adieu to one of our Gladstone bags.

"To be or not to be" is the question which mentally arises as one looks at every collar, every boot-lace, and decides on it for active service or consigns it to the depôt. And when the fate of the last article is sealed one cannot say "Good-bye."

Such was the case with us when we left much of our little all behind, and only took one Gladstone bag, a tin box full of provisions, a bundle of blanket-bags, rods, and umbrellas, and a couple of Freke fishing bags.

Our little screw steamer the *Aros* bore us away to a place called Råbacken, where the first rapids of the river Lule commence, and where we dined on board, our party consisting only of the Herre Pastor, his pupil, and several jolly companions *en route* for the wedding.

After dinner they insisted on calling for a bottle of sherry, making us drink to our next merry meeting, and touch glasses all round

with the watchword *Skål*, which is the Swedish expression for the German "Gesegnete mahlzeit," and the English "Your jolly good health."

Now comes a drive of seven miles in a crazy little cart, with a *skjutsbonde*, or driver, if required, perched on a piece of projecting wood behind.

The road was so atrocious, the trap such a primitive contrivance, and the pony so erratic in its movements that my wife could scarcely stand or see on alighting at a place called Hedensfors, where another screw steam-launch was waiting to convey us from the top of the rapids up the river.

Yet how should we ever have reached this spot at all had it not been for the friendly offices of the party of young Swedes? who, although they had previously engaged the only traps in the place, absolutely refused to occupy one of them till we were seated in the best, and started first.

Anxious to maintain the position they had so generously ceded to me, I applied the end of the rope-reins (in absence of a whip) pretty

freely, and as my argument was cheerfully responded to on the part of my powerful pony, our teeth and bones were not the only sufferers, but our valuable biscuits were many of them pounded again into the flour from which they originally came.

At the mast-head of our little screw flew the familiar Union Jack—an extraordinary sight in these out-of-the-way parts; but the vessel belongs to the English Gellivara Mining Company, whose property, managed by Swedes, lies in the neighbourhood.

The casual way in which goods, and sometimes passengers, are deposited, is very amusing.

Generally on both sides of the river a dense, unbroken forest skirts it for miles and miles without a single clearing, but this does not seem to be by any means a matter of concern to the Captain, who frequently draws near the shore and throws a heap of door and window frames, or other things, upon the bank, there leaving them for the owner to claim if he be so fortunate as to arrive first on the spot.

Many a peasant, tiring of his efforts to

propel his pine-wood bark up stream, would coolly fasten it on to our stern, and so get a lift.

Arrived at Edefors, the next rapids, we disembarked and found our hostess had been for the last half of the day our fellow-traveller, but running on quickly in front, had time to receive us at the door of a most delightful little country inn—everything as clean as a new pin, from the door-mat, consisting of green pine-branches, to the snow-white coverlets of the beds.

Salmon and wild-duck were included in the bill of fare, and at 9 p.m. we strolled down to the falls, that I might try my luck with the rod.

But the battle went all for the fish, if that may be said, when I made them a present of two flies, and secured none of their number in exchange.

Next morning, after breakfasting on game and fish—for which, together with our beds, we were charged 2s. 6d. each—we had a pleasant walk through the pine forest to the top of the falls, where, to our surprise, was another steam-

launch; this conveyed us (and the clerical student, who had vanished into the forest on the previous day only to return with his mother, and a married sister and baby, to add to the strength of the "Bröllop" party) to Storbacken, where longer and stronger rapids occur, and where we quitted the course of the Stora Lule (Great Lule), for the Lilla (Little) Lule river.

Before bidding adieu to the launch, which can ascend no further, I must note one thing which is remarkable in all of them.

The helmsman sits on a post amidships which, if carried higher, would have been a mast, and moves the spokes of the wheel before him with his feet, which arrangement releases his hands for managing some portions of the machinery.

When his members were brought into full play, the effect is comical in the extreme, and reminded me of the penny toymen on London Bridge whose limbs are worked by strings.

Every house now, as we plunge deeper and deeper into the forest, is built entirely of wood; with at first, as we observed, no aper-

ture at all, but when the house is finished a large square is marked in pencil outside, the piece cut out, and a window—which is rarely made to open on account of snow-drifts and mosquitoes—is inserted.

Having succeeded in getting a gig and a *skjuts-bonde*, another instance of the extreme hospitality of the North was afforded us.

Seeing that our wretched little trap wouldn't hold half our luggage, which was slight and light enough too, the student, without even speaking (the Swedes never waste their breath, but are most economical of it on all occasions), seized our "Gladstone," his brother our tin provision box, and each deposited them among their own things, leading the way themselves this time in three gigs, the last being driven by a lad who had evidently been instructed to keep me No. 4, remembering how I forced the pace on the previous day.

Many stoppages were made for the baby. Poor little thing, how its head ever stayed on during that forty-mile drive remains a marvel to me: just as we were separating, hours afterwards, they were to all appearances

holding it on, as they diverged from the only road and dived into the forest.

In this forest, Murray (no doubt correctly at the time) said, is the best station along the route. Here we intended to sleep, but our kind Swedes informed us that the house had ceased to exist, and Jockmock, where alone we could sleep the next night, seemed out of the question. Here was a pretty state of things! No food (for we dared not draw on our slender stock before reaching the real wilds), no room, no covering for the night.

We were obliged to pay and dismiss our youth, when in stepped the Swedes at our hour of need, and invited us to dine with them at a kind of farmhouse hard by.

We gladly accepted the offer, and although the farmhouse could supply scarcely anything, our friends had been provident enough to bring such an excellent repast in their baskets we could scarcely believe they were not joking, when they apologised for being unable to set before us better fare. It was very interesting to watch the customs and habits of these northern gentry in private life.

After the inevitable *smörgåsbröd*, the host walked up to my wife and offered her some salmon, which was a signal for everyone to fall to.

There are no chairs placed at the table, and very few in the corners of the room, but no one thinks of sitting down; ladies and gentlemen having helped themselves stroll about plate in hand, till they are ready for more. No servants wait, everything being laid on the table at once, except the tremendous dish of runnet-cream, as much the Norrlander's dish as a junket is our west countryman's, and not unlike it.

We were *both* offered cigars afterwards, as ladies do not unfrequently enjoy a quiet weed in these latitudes; and an especial bottle of wine was put aside for our exclusive use! Nothing could exceed their kindness and attention, and when we tried in broken Swedish to express our thanks, everyone rose and touched glasses with us, while one of the party came forward, and in a simple, solemn manner said, "It is only our duty."

I will here take the opportunity of saying a

few words, which it gives me heartfelt pleasure to be able to do.

Throughout the whole of our trip to and from Swedish Lapland we were thrown, with the exception of one occasion only, entirely with Swedes; and so far from meeting with any incivility, &c., we never met with anything but the greatest kindness, honesty, and hospitality from every man, woman, and child with whom under either or all of these circumstances we had to do. Often and often should we have gone supperless to bed, more than once should we have had to go without the latter also, often should we have lost a precious day, by being utterly unable to persuade our determined charioteer to proceed a step further, if it had not been for the intervention, and sometimes unasked-for assistance, of these friendly, charitable Swedes. My wife and I will ever preserve a most grateful recollection of it.

Some magic word on this occasion got us our horse again, which we imagined to be well on its journey homewards, and once more was the procession put in motion. On reaching Kåskåtz, a wretched kind of farm, fresh horses

were ordered *for* us, and shortly afterwards our kind friends parted from us, pointing to the road (or cart-rut), which ran straight ahead through the lonely forest, and saying we ought to reach Jockmock by midnight, turned into a kind of clearing in the dense woods, and bade adieu to us, perhaps for ever.

We wished them *lycklig resa* (pleasant journey), and continued our dreary route alone.

How refreshing is the simple and disinterested kindness of these Northmen! It only made us regret we could make no return, although of course we offered the same if positions shall in future time ever be reversed.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT a weird drive onwards it was that night in the midst of an Arctic forest! Not a sound broke the stillness save the rattle of our wheels. Soon we reached the exact spot where the Arctic Circle is crossed; I could not help peering into the gloom and fancying to myself a magic line, on the one side of which should be cultivation, on the other ice-bound rocks.

But the mystic line was made, as it were, real for us. Exactly where it is crossed, we entered a very different kind of forest. It was the scene of one of those fearful bush fires which I believe are as prevalent here as they are on the prairies of America. It is a sight not easily forgotten; for two miles on each side of our track there was nothing to be seen but a forest of charred trunks, whose leafless

branches, twisted into the most extraordinary shapes, stood out with peculiar wildness against the gloomy midnight sky. The sun had set, but a glowing light struggled through the blackened limbs of birch and pine, contrasting strangely with the dark green outline of mountains upon mountains, rising one above the other in the dim distance, clothed in never-ending forest. The whole picture, enhanced by our romantic situation, will never fade from my mind.

Suddenly, while we were engaged in these reflections, our *skjutsbonde*, sitting on the step in front of us, began to reel, and was falling forward under the wheel when I caught him, and discovering that he was asleep we let the poor little boy, who could not have been more than ten years of age, roll over and have a nap across our feet, while I resumed the reins which I had recently relinquished to him. But now came the difficulty. We had no conception where Jockmock might be, or of how many houses it might consist; so I tried presently to arouse our coachman, but in vain. He seemed evidently estab-

lished on our rugs for the night, and the only response for a long time I could get out of him was, "Chock, chock!" repeated to our steed with closed eyes, and without altering his position on his couch.

At length we came to a large gate leading to a small wooden hut; here I lifted my friend into a sitting posture and shook him well, but back he rolled, sleep being completely victorious. However, I now went on another tack, and applying my foot to his recumbent form compelled him thus to rouse himself.

It was just as well I did, for this hut proved to be the only cover obtainable for the night. A few paces further on lay the striking Lapp village on each side of us. Not a soul was stirring; and, indeed, on closer inspection we found by far the larger number of huts empty: occupied during the ten-months' winter by man and reindeer, in the short summer these encamp far away on the snow-slopes of the Sulietelma range. These huts formed irregular streets, with here and there one painted red, which of course betokened the residence of a Swedish

THE GHOST SCENE AT JOCKMOCK— MIDNIGHT.

settler. The grass grew throughout the village, the whole having a deserted appearance, increased by the melancholy moan which continuously struck the ear from the distant rapids of the river.

As we emerged from the wood a strange sight met our gaze. I do not believe in ghosts, neither does my wife; but I will simply detail what we saw. I was breathing my steed at the top of the long ascent, and the boy was still breathing heavily as in concert at our feet, when suddenly we saw a slender form, robed in white, glide rather than walk in and out among the silent huts till it reached a further part of the village, and was then lost to our view. We could not distinguish the features, but the figure appeared to be that of a woman, and long dark tresses fell upon her shoulders. The figure seemed to move at about five miles per hour, and maintained that speed till it disappeared. What a chance it would have been for these most superstitious of peoples—the Swedish Norrlanders!

A kindly hostess greeted us at her door, and we were refreshed with comfortable beds,

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and a supper consisting of rye bread (really made six months ago), a little rancid butter, and a few eggs, which she produced with justifiable pride; for, to judge by the state of decomposition they had reached, she must have succeeded in preserving them with no bran for at least a year.

It was here that the advance guard of that terrible scourge, the mosquitoes, met us. Hitherto we had only fallen in with skirmishers.

We now encountered a strong detachment; but by keeping the door shut (the windows are ominously not made to open, partly, no doubt, on account of winter snows, but partly, I suspect, to exclude these intolerable pests, which will crawl through the smallest cranny), we succeeded in hemming them in, and in a short time all, with the exception of those which took refuge between the rafters, were slaughtered—a couple of towels and a firebrand proving our most effective weapons. But I have much more to say about these pertinacious gentlemen, which must be reserved for the time and

place, when and where their attentions became unremitting.

Next morning we peeped into a few of the empty Lapp huts. They are built, in many instances, on whole trees laid parallel to one another on the ground, which have the appearance of levers. A portion is railed off inside for the reindeer, whose master generally reposes in the mud by his side. No Irishman could cherish his pig more devotedly than do these worthy Lapps their reindeer. The rest of the family, when at home, occupy the remainder of the floor, there being in no case a story, nor a chimney, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof.

Being anxious to purchase some Lapp clothing, we went to a settler's hut to which we had been directed. A woman, half Lapp, half Swede, led us round to the "shop"—an outhouse in the backyard; and there, after pacifying the ferocious collie who always guards these establishments, and who evidently thirsted for our blood, she displayed her wares, which consisted of articles brought up from the coast, and disappointed us exceedingly.

We, however, ordered a pair of regulation Lapp boots to be made, and proceeded on our journey.

Six to seven more miles of cart-jolting—through fir-woods as usual—brought us to the shore of a vast lake; a very proper termination to the road, which, I must say, ill-kept as it is, honestly fulfils its duty, and carries you absolutely several yards *into* the lake ere the land journey is exchanged for a water one.

Here two stalwart oarsmen met us by appointment, the only occasion on which we used a *forbud* (messenger), and him only from Jockmock. But henceforth we laid our train not by *forbud*, but by a plan which I venture to think, if time presses for returning, is better. Fix your day, and then tell each boatman *en route* up the exact hour to meet you *en route* down. The expense of a *forbud* is thus saved. We did this, and experienced not the slightest delay, although *en route* up we were once or twice in a dilemma.

We looked upon the broad waters of Lake Vaikijaur, and then upon our craft. It was in shape something like a Thames wherry, made

of pine-wood, single planks, and those thin, but strongly bound together; bow and stern as high as a Venetian gondola; no seat throughout the boat; no rowlocks, but a hole is made in the boat's side, through which is passed a piece of twisted bark, and fastened into a loop afterwards. The less said about the oars the better. They were, as often as not, improvised—rotten pieces of plank, &c. picked up on the shore, which generally smashed when we had proceeded some way, and this necessitated a halt, a run in shore, and the manufacture of a new one. "Bow" does all the hard work; the stern oar steers and backs water. Of course there is no such appendage as a rudder.

It seemed a risky undertaking to traverse so broad a lake in such an apparently crank conveyance; but this by no means proved to be the case. We formed the ballast by sitting at the bottom with our luggage as a support, though whenever we approached small rapids, we had to lie down full length to enable the rowers to see clearly their critical course. No hardship, however, after sitting for hours

in one position to get a good stretch, and a lake bath from the waves which tumbled in upon us on both sides.

We had scarcely started before a magnificent view burst upon our sight. Far away to the north stretched an imposing range of snow-clad mountains rising above the nearer hills, which were, as usual, densely covered with the interminable forest. All is forest around, down to the very shores of the lake. A fringe of bright-coloured mosses and lichens, unconcealed by underwood, peeped out from amid the trees. The peculiar charm of the view was owing to the clear Arctic atmosphere, which (without exaggeration) literally brought the background outlines as sharply before our sight as those of the hills which rose immediately from the lake.

I am no ornithologist; but rare birds, I know, abound on these lakes and in these forests, so seldom disturbed by the presence of man. We noticed black-throated divers, wild swans, eagles, several kinds of falcon, and flappers in abundance; neither was a raven a rare object, perched on some solitary tree

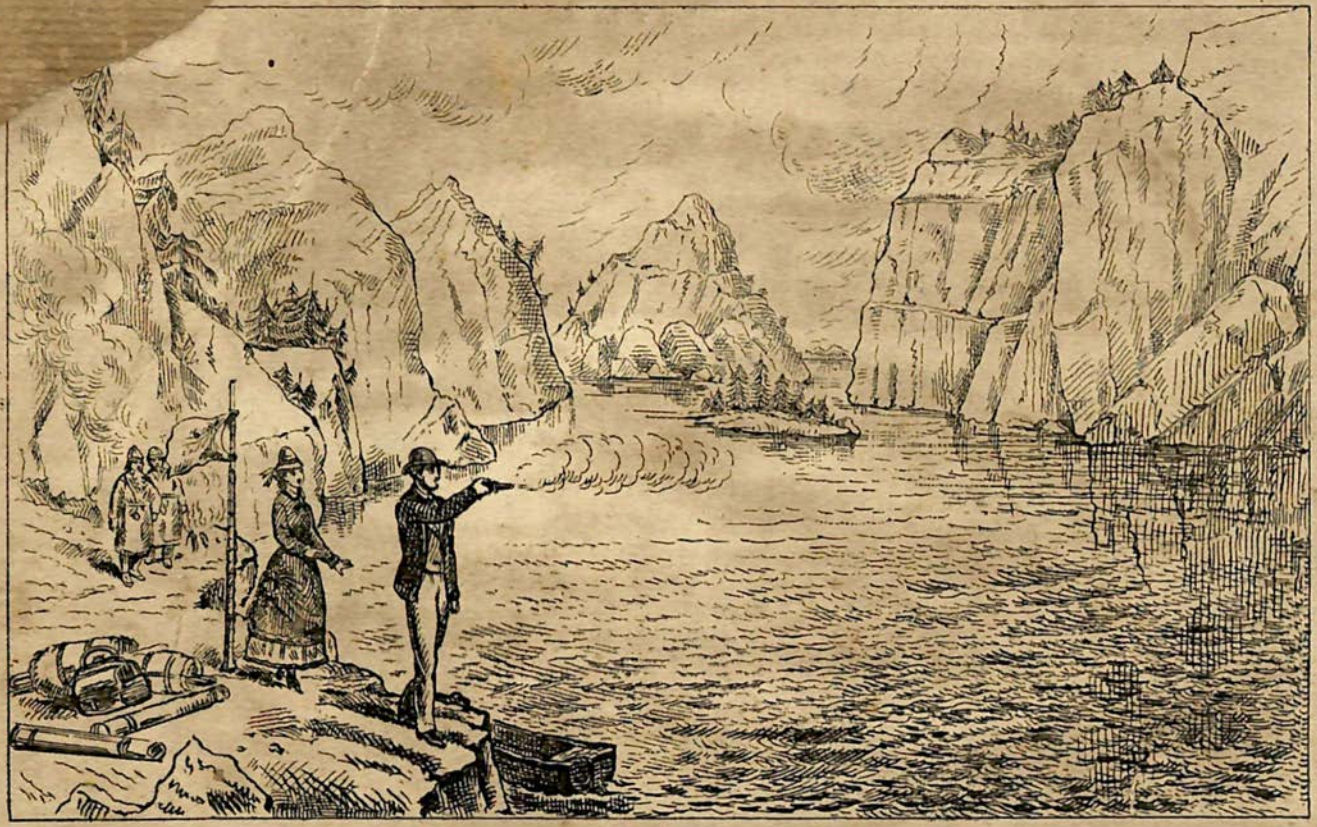
overhanging the water. But I never regretted the absence of my gun, for it would have taken far more time than we could have spared to follow up our quarry, so intricate is the navigation between sunken rocks, which sometimes run 1,000 yards out into the lake, and so rapid in most parts is the current, which prevents the oarsmen being able to keep the light bark at all steady even for a few moments.

Sportsmen should spend the month of September here, taking up their quarters at one of the huts; not attempting to scour the country, but being content with one lake, its attendant rapids, and the forest immediately surrounding;—no leave nor license required for fishing or shooting on any of the lakes or fells the whole way to Quickjock. Eley's cartridges are obtainable at several of the ports now in the north of the Bothnian Gulf; but let everyone who intends trying Swedish Lappmark for sport remember at least two things:—

1. That he should make application to an English consul or agent either at Gothen-

burg or Stockholm, inquiring what the existing rule is concerning the importation of English dogs. Nearly all the fun of some acquaintances of mine was spoilt this year, by being forced, on landing, to send back their retrievers and spaniels; for the authorities have lately got it into their heads that all English dogs are mad, and a wholesome dread of hydrophobia has consequently seized upon the Swedish mind. The Lapp collie for sporting purposes is worthless.

2. That he should make a point of going to South Kensington and attend cookery lectures till he has obtained a certificate for his own satisfaction; I did not, and, as you shall presently see, all but succeeded in starving my wife.



CHAPTER VII.

To return to our journey. In about three hours we reached the head of the lake, where the rapids became so swift that we were forced to land, our rowers carrying the luggage on their backs for a few miles through the forest, till we reached the shores of Lake Purkijaur.

Here I administered that which is a golden key to the good books of the boatmen; more valued by them, as they often asserted, than money, because far rarer than money, viz. a few drops of brandy. The sale and manufacture of all spirituous liquors are very properly prohibited throughout Swedish Lapland, for its excessive use was rapidly depopulating the whole country; but travellers are always permitted to take a little up the country with them, and we could not refrain from sharing

with our hard-worked rowers the small portion which we doled out for our own support.

But I am right glad to be able here to say that there was another gift, the receipt of which was welcomed far more heartily than any money or brandy either, at least by those to whom we offered it—I mean a copy of the New Testament. We brought a supply with us from Sundsvall; and I shall never forget the look of gratitude with which these rough boatmen received it. One of them nodded his head, said "good book," and immediately, with great simplicity, set our traps on the ground, retired to a rock pinnacle, and commenced reading it with an earnestness which was refreshing as well as impressive. He afterwards told me he had never seen one except in the clergyman's hands!

Henceforth we never lost an opportunity of asking Lapp or Swede, whichever we came across, whether he or she possessed a copy, and the gift was invariably received with unfeigned delight.

We found, it is true, a rotten boat on Lake Purkijaur, but there were no oars, nor a human habitation near; steep rocks girt the shore of the lake for miles; what was to be done? There was indeed a small island far out into the lake which was inhabited, but the distance was too great for them either to see or hear us.

At length, a happy thought struck us; we all four gathered dry fir-wood, and in a few minutes a huge bonfire was blazing on the shore; but alas! the settlement of island Laplanders were not to be moved by this. Then we found a tall fir-pole stripped of its branches, to which we attached a towel; and hoisting our staff, a novel flag of truce streamed out upon the wind; but no, we could not even now make the sluggish creatures come to any terms.

Our case began to grow desperate, and so did I, till at last, determined that if they were blind to our miseries they should not at any rate remain deaf to our entreaties, I produced a small Irish Constabulary revolver and fired five shots in quick succes-

sion, taking care that the ball should ricochet from the water and crash into the opposite woods, which it did at an amazing range.

No apparent success attended this last effort, but seeing one of our crew slip off into the forest, I began to fear that he thought my next load might in my desperation be intended for him; his companion also quickly placed the trees between us and him; so we seriously contemplated first, the production of our cooking utensils for supper round the dying bonfire embers, and second, the arrangement of our blanket-bags with a view to shaking down on the shore for the night; when lo! boatman No. 1 reappeared dragging with him the remains of an old boat. He evidently had not intended to desert us, but was nerved to prompt action at the sound of the revolver.

It was the work of a minute to tear out the ribs of the old craft; four ludicrous "oars" were thus improvised, and with the men's *skobands* (thick woollen shoe-laces) for rowlocks, away we dashed in the craziest of crafts to face the elements.

We had not gone far before crack! crack! followed in quick succession, and away floated three-quarters of two oars; but heedless of this we pursued our course till half-way towards the island when a man and a girl approached us, having heard, as they said, our shots. We held on our way despising their aid, and picking up proper implements on the island, reached the head of the lake, where, as before, we disembarked and walked several miles through the forest to avoid the rapids which always form the junction between two of these lakes. Here we parted from our friendly boatmen, who had already come beyond their beat to help us; but we took care to appoint an exact day and hour for them to meet us on our journey homewards.

Once more came a vexatious pause—no boats, no huts in sight; but my revolver was ready this time, and ere long a boat appeared, attracted by the noise. Really on many occasions we should have fared ill but for my friendly weapon, which I had brought for self-protection, little anticipating

the peaceful service in which it would be employed.

Lake Randijaur is the broadest of the lakes; the shore, which we generally hugged to avoid the current, is here quitted for some miles, and in places it is difficult to distinguish land from the boat. Two and a half hours now brought us to the head of it, and after travelling all day we at last came upon a habitation, a lonely hut situated on the brink of the cascades.

The tenants, an old man and woman, shook their heads when we asked for something to eat, but pointed to an empty room furnished with one deal table and no chairs, in which madame graciously informed us we might rest awhile.

Here first came in the use of our cooking apparatus and tin bonnet-box of provisions, which we had dragged thus far with an infinity of trouble; but for these we must, on this and on several other occasions, have gone breakfastless, dinnerless, and supperless to bed.

But there were occupants of the room to

be dispossessed before we could possibly enter: they were, of course, the ubiquitous mosquitoes.

We had never yet seen such clouds of them; but then you must know that they increase in size and number as you journey further northwards, till on the *verge* of the snow you are driven to the *verge* of madness. I tried in vain to make the soup: they fell into it in such numbers as almost to change the character of the beverage; and when I ladled it up to taste, they tasted me from above to such an extent that we were fain to cry for help to the old woman, who dashed in with a blazing pine log, which she whirled about the room with an energy and precision plainly indicative that she was by no means new to her business. The remnant of the mosquitoes evidently knew her, for they withdrew hastily behind the window-curtain; but the arrangement, if arrangement it was, between them and her was destined on this occasion to be summarily interfered with, for, anxious to show her zeal for our cause, she followed them up in their retreat, and completed the work of destruction with a towel.

The old couple now shouldered our traps, and, after a parting arrangement with our last friends (for we laid our train the whole way along), made through the forest for the next lake, Parkijaur; an hour's row brought us ashore for another tramp through the forest, and fifteen minutes on the next lake, Skalka, brought us, blinded by mosquitoes, to the populous (about twenty, all told) little island of Björkholm, our resting-place for the night, where we were received by the little Lapp hostess with outstretched arms, as if we had been her long-lost children. Not being much subject to a weakness called fatigue we explored the whole island, while she prepared us what she had, viz. smoked reindeer flesh, hard rye bread, and a delicious preserve made from the fruit of the Arctic raspberry, in flavour and appearance quite unlike anything I had ever tasted before. We must not omit the fish: salmon, trout, grayling, charr, perch are in abundance throughout these lakes; but on this occasion we were regaled with pike, which abounds here, growing to an enormous size. The flavour is delicious and

BJÖRKHOLM ISLAND ON LAKE SKALKA, WITH THE SULIETELMA SNOW RANGE.

delicate, which surprised us much, knowing how poor a fish it is at home.

As we sat down we considered ourselves extremely lucky to be faring thus, when we remembered that our latitude is now well north of the highest point of Iceland, and on a level with the upper portion of the White Sea.

As the beds did not look tempting we rolled ourselves in our blanket bags, and fastening them well under our chins, and drawing our fine bobbin-nets equally well over our heads, we disposed ourselves to sleep. But now began an annoyance, the like of which we trust we shall never again experience.

In spite of the fact that no window can possibly open, in spite of the greatest precautions being taken to close the door before showing a light, and to keep it as much closed as possible, in spite of the room being impregnated with smoke both from pine branches and tobacco, all was of no avail; the ruthless mosquito, which had attacked us off and on during the day—the utter destroyer of travellers' pleasure in Lapland—set upon us with all his well-known viciousness.

In vain we laid about us with towels; in vain we jumped back into our blanket bags, and fastened them almost with the tightness of strangulation round our necks; the pertinacious wretches positively forced their way in even then, and squeezed themselves through the aperture at the top of the net.

At last we fastened extra netting over our heads with safety pins, and congratulated ourselves we had beaten them; but, alas! they did but retreat to the centre of the ceiling, there to hold consultation in an angry hum which effectually prevented sleep; and then in a short while returned resolved on a clever plan.

Finding they could not approach my face singly, they actually planted themselves in a body on the surface of the net, and thus bringing it down with their united weight to within reach of my luckless skin, the foremost fellow plunged forward, and administered a sharp sting. When I had watched this process I despaired, and capitulating, started with my wife (who fared no better) to walk up and down the remainder of the night.

But they were not to be baulked of the fruits of their victory; and when washing time came, I can only compare the appearance of one's back and shoulders to a great fly-paper as thickly strewed, with victims as in a street advertisement, the only unfortunate part of the simile for me being that whereas in the one case they are dead, in the other they were alive!

On departure, our little Lapp hostess refused to accept a single öre for her hospitality, and when pressed, she clapped me vigorously on the back, saying, "It has been a pleasure to me to have your visit." Rare instance of generosity on the part of an hotel-keeper!

Six hours' rowing up Lakes Skalka and Tjomatis brought us to the little station-house of Niave, where of course there was shelter, but no food; so, as usual, we were our own cooks. Waiting till a couple of woodmen arrived from their work, who immediately transformed themselves into boatmen, we were poled up part of the terrific rapids (which here exceed a mile) and were soon skimming away along the placid waters of Lake Saggat, with higher hills

on both sides of us, and higher still in the distance.

It was a long row in a most cramped position, but the scenery grew grander and grander; precipices appeared on each shore; the lake narrowed; and at midnight the snow mountains reflected in the glassy waters formed a picture we shall not easily forget.

At length, after five or six hours' row, our goal, to reach which we had journeyed upwards of 2,000 miles, hove in sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE approach to Quickjock is most peculiar. As the head of Lake Saggat is reached a natural canal conveniently cuts off the course of the rapid Tarajock river. Into this we turned, and as if by magic the character of the scenery was immediately changed; flowers and shrubs lined the banks; sand and pebbles replaced the recent boulders; and we could not divest ourselves of the idea that we were passing up an ornamental piece of water in a gentleman's grounds. The sun had lately set—there is no twilight—and the shade that pervaded the whole earth and the distant hills reminded me as much as anything else of the light observable during a total eclipse of the sun.

Silently landing on the grassy shore we made straight for the nearest hut. There are no paths, and of course, no roads here, for

there is but just room for the little village between the river and the boundless forest behind it.

At the door of the hut the pretty daughter of almost the only Swedish settler up here, Miss Mannberg, met us; and I immediately presented our credentials—which will astonish my reader: they were in the shape of private letters! For so seldom does the postman penetrate thus far, that friends further south had entrusted me with their correspondence, and I could not help suspecting, as she said "Tak-tak!" (Thank you, thank you!) in her charming little way, and as a slight blush pervaded her features when she glanced at the writing, that our arrival must have brought her news of deeper interest than she cared to confess.

As usual we were in the "guest-hut," several rooms on the ground-floor (there is no higher), while the "kitchen-hut" and the settler's private hut are of the same size, and close at hand. I set to work to cook, Miss Mannberg to supplement, and a repast was speedily produced.

The only objection to my efforts which I

find (frequently, I admit) recorded in my wife's journal is somewhat as follows: "My husband cooks with assiduity, but so anxious is he that the soup shall possess exactly the right flavour, the arrowroot exactly the proper consistency, and so forth, that by the time the tasting process is concluded there is but one spoonful left to be shared between us; yet I will do him this justice, that the *whole* of this is made over to me, and therefore I teach my appetite to say, 'A little quality is worth a deal of quantity!'"

Quickjock is considered the capital of Swedish Lappmark proper, although Jockmock has a better right to the title, for it is the residence of the Landsman of the whole district, and possesses *the* parish church. There are but a few scattered huts here, with two wooden houses painted red—always indicative in these parts, as I have said before, of the superior condition of its inmates. One of these is the parsonage, where resides the comminister, or curate-in-charge (under Jockmock), whose stipend is wretchedly small, but whose expenses must be very trifling indeed; the other is

our little hostelry, belonging to the Mannberg family, who seem to comprise, with their offshoots, every inhabitant of Quickjock, save the *bonâ fide* Lapps.

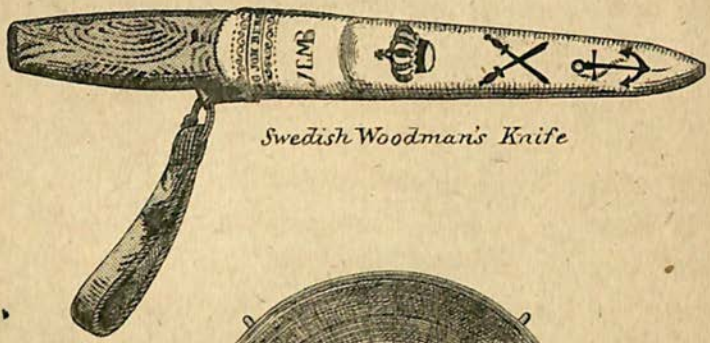
The church is one of the quaintest little edifices I have ever seen. It is built of pine-wood, painted red, on a knoll of the little clearing in which the village stands. Like most Lapland churches the wooden belfry is apart from the rest of the building, reminding one of an Italian campanile.

We lost no time in paying our respects to the clergyman, who looked, poor man! as if he had left his wits behind him when he left Sweden, to banish himself amongst these wintry wilds. His wife, he told us, was at Jockmock for *the* far-famed Bröllop. One would think, from the excited way in which the people talk of this feast, a wedding takes place in these parts not oftener than once in a man's lifetime.

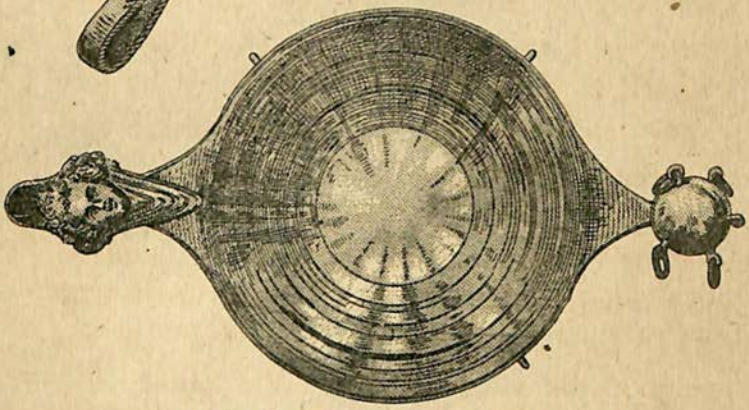
However, he invited us upstairs—quite an event up here, these being the first stairs and the only stairs we saw. There he had established what, I fancy, no man had attempted before him—a Lapp school. Formerly, and in

Plate A.

CURIOSITIES FROM QUICKJOCK.



Swedish Woodman's Knife



Antique Lapp-silver sugar bowl.

Front view of Antique sugar bowl

fact now, except just at this spot, itinerant schoolmasters are sent by the Swedish educational authorities to perambulate the country, and give a lesson here and a lesson there, in each village as they pass through.

It is to be hoped, if Inspectors exist, *their* visits are in number few and far between, otherwise it would be a hard matter for them, I take it, to report progress at all!

The comminister here is determined that the stigma of "Duns Scotus" shall not rest upon any of his flock. A lumber-room, which used to be the summer receptacle for sledges, snow-shoes, and the like, he has fitted with desks, forms, ink-pots, maps, and all the paraphernalia sacred to scholastic haunts.

Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and natural history, together with the Lapp and Swedish tongues are taught, but "religion first of all and most of all," he added, and as he said so I fancied he looked at me with peculiar earnestness and steadiness; but no doubt it was a guilty conscience which made me think so, for my recollections carried me 2,000 miles away south, to my own dear land

where now the Bible *need* not be read in any school!

Before leaving London I had consulted more than one Missionary Society, and promised to take notes with a view to establishing an English Mission, not so much amongst the Swedish settlers as amongst the Lapps in the mountains; but after conversations with this clergyman and with others, and also from what I saw, I am quite convinced, as far as Swedish Lappmark is concerned, that there is no field for such an undertaking; because there is distinctly a parochial system which obtains even in the inaccessible places, and although the parishes of Quickjock and Jockmock combined exceed in extent the whole kingdom of Wurtemburg, yet in the winter (which lasts the greater part of the year, there being no spring nor autumn) the pastor has the greater portion of his flock gathered round him.

It is evident that the hands of the present clergy should be strengthened, not by foreigners, but by additional members of their own body, who could extend the parochial work so sadly needed in the summer, when nearly

all the men, and most of the women, wander for two months or more upon the hills, churchless and shepherdless. Besides all this there is but little, if any, dissent from the established Episcopal Lutheran creed.

Our energetic friend had succeeded in squeezing out a class-room between the rafters and the ceiling of the room below; this, I fancy, is mostly occupied by the Swedish contingent, whose brains would be capable of greater tension than the half-witted Lapps. And in this I noticed a remarkably ingenious instrument, which, by the turning of a single handle, displayed the whole solar and planetary system in motion. I took the address of the inventor, and on our return to Stockholm sought him out and made him explain to us his invention.

Sunday morning brought the whole population of the village, and a few of the more pious Lapps, from the mountains to service. We numbered in all about fifty souls. The clergyman stood before the altar (a plain deal board), generally with his face to the people, and read several prayers in a very impressive tone; then

the Epistle and Gospel for the day, and two lessons; several hymns were sung at intervals, and then, dressed in a short surtout coat, with a gown something like an Oxford undergraduate's, he proceeded to the pulpit for his first sermon, which, according to custom, was on the Gospel for the day and did not last ten minutes; after a hymn the second discourse—a lengthy one—took place; and then the people were dismissed with a blessing.

There was a good deal of attention paid to the short sermon and during the prayers, especially by the women, who sit in a separate aisle to the men; but the singing was atrocious, hardly a note in tune, although our good landlord, whom I now recognised in the capacity of clerk, was most assiduous in altering the numbers of the hymns on a black board, and in keeping his choir of Lapp youths up to the mark with a thumping forest stick, the use of which was obviously to beat boys rather than time.

It was ludicrous to see the care with which he watched his crew during the long sermon; chucking him under the chin when

any hapless wight, overcome by drowsiness, allowed his head to lose its equilibrium and his lower jaw to drop.

We were congratulating ourselves that when we entered the church we had left our constant enemies in the fields, and felt secure from annoyance when seated amidst a body of Lapps; but not a bit of it: they soon discovered we were still accessible, and arriving in two divisions, formed a circle round our shapeless heads (for by this time we could scarcely squeeze on our hats by reason of the general swelling), entirely ignoring the natives, but tormenting us till the end of the service, when the joy of the main body in welcoming us at the church portal was so demonstrative, that for the preservation of our reason we fled like a couple of demoniacs to our hut, and reappeared to receive the rest of their attentions at a more respectful distance, viz. on the exterior of our veils.

The mosquito in these parts grows longer, bigger, and more vicious the further north one goes; no native could explain this, but all assented to it. At Quickjock they were worse than anywhere; and three Irish gentlemen who,

with their Italian servant, had come here for sport, told us that in their expedition to the summit of Sulietelma, sixty miles further, this terrible increase was maintained, even to the very verge of the snow!

It is for this reason that the wretched reindeer are forced to spend their whole summer upon it, and therefore, although we lived on their flesh, fed with spoons made of their horns, wore boots made from their hides, and carried off specimens of their antlers, we never saw them.

And now for the fishing. It is, I feel sure, overrated here. Our friends (who, by the bye, were the only British faces we saw the whole way from Stockholm and back, save at Söderhamn) had been here a considerable time, and scarcely ever caught trout or grayling worth putting into their basket, although they had had splendid sport lower down. Neither did they fare any better with their guns on the fells; yet they concurred in the general opinion that a respectable bag of ptarmigan and willow-grouse can always be made in September.

They bravely fished till the pain of their

faces and whole bodies forced them to give in, when blood, as I can testify, seemed literally to be flowing from every pore. I was less brave (coming three weeks later as I did, and therefore smarting already from several days' bites), and wore my net. Yet what did it profit me? The enemy settled in such a multitude upon it that I do not exaggerate when I say that, far from being able to see the fly, I often could neither distinguish the line nor even the rod!

My wife used to sit on the rocks, landing-net in hand, and resign herself to her fate; so did I at last, and amused myself by watching the wretches bite me through a thick Swedish glove, principally that I might be able to describe the operation to my friends at home.

The insect, the largest of which is the length of an ordinary wasp, with a thin black and yellow striped body, and proboscis as long as his legs, stalks about till he thinks he has found a vulnerable place in the glove; then, drawing back, he drives the proboscis in up to the hilt, at the same time cocking up his hind legs to

give impetus to the blow. The laugh that one can't help setting up at the ludicrous attitude of the beast is soon suppressed with the pain of the sting, and the wretch is immediately flattened on the glove.

Soon wearying of practical entomology, we next amused ourselves by starting a *tir au pistolet* on the shores of the lake, which brought out the whole male population of the village. My wife tried to keep the ground, but in vain; the absurd little Lapps, with their waddling gait, persisted in peering recklessly into the revolver's mouth, which, of course, effectually prevented my aim. When I was permitted to fire their astonishment knew no bounds; but when I drew my knife and extracted a ball from the wooden target, they saw that more than one could play at *that* game at least, and so, after every round out came a dozen birch-handled knives, and away they carved till the treasured lead had been obtained.

They are a quiet, inoffensive race, intensely stupid, but very inquisitive. They lift the latch (there are no locks or bolts), and walk in, wait for a motion from you, and then begin inspecting

everything you have, smoking their pipes the while, women as well as men; in fact, the only distinctive mark between the sexes is in their boots—the men wearing long ones, the women short, though both are made of rein-deer skin.

We sent up to the mountaineers in the hopes of obtaining a few curiosities, articles of dress, &c.; for, there are no shops, and we had been trying for them in vain all the way up the country. The gammal (old) Lapp silver ornaments are extremely rare; which the few specimens possessed by the Ethnographical Museum in Stockholm sufficiently proved. We were fortunate to prevail upon several Lapps to part with enough portions of the national dress to make up a complete costume, and also with a few silver articles.

The mode of bartering is peculiar. Hearing we want to purchase a Swede walks in, a Lapp following close at his heels. This is always the order of going; the Swede evidently considering himself, and with justice, the superior creature. Both stand motionless till you bid them advance and display what they have.

The Swede makes the bargain, and when it is completed each, by a quick movement, grasps your hand, and with the universal "*Tak-tak*" quits the room.

We were soon besieged by people offering duplicates, unable to understand we wanted no more. But one of our last visitors interested us more than all. It was a little girl, about fourteen. She approached with much hesitation, and said, "I hear you have been giving the Good Book to all who want it. I want it so much, and oh! will you sell it to me for these few trifles? My mother let me have them, and it is all I have to give." With an earnest, beseeching look she produced a few hooks and eyes—which are evidently rather prized here—and awaited our reply. When I told her I didn't want anything for the Good Book but a promise that she would read it every day, her look of gratitude as she pressed our hands and went away without another word, was most touching and interesting. It was almost our last copy.

We found that they were not only willing but desirous to exchange their silver ornaments,

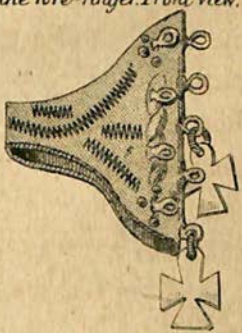
Plate B.

CURIOSITIES FROM QUICKJOCK.

North Swedish Peasant's silver brooch.

Laplander's silver ring worn by men and women on the fore-finger. Front view.

Antique Lapp-silver spoon.



Side view of ring

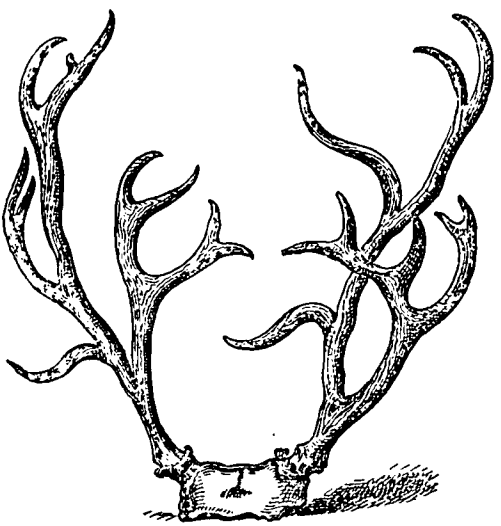
skins, &c., for our sixpenny brooches and charms, a stock of which we had brought from England; they prized them above everything; but, of course, we would not allow this, and paid in Swedish notes for all we had. The brooches, &c. were, however, most useful. We made a present of one to each host or hostess on our way up, and how smooth it made our way down! We were welcomed everywhere with demonstrations of joy.

Dishonesty is unknown in these parts, I fancy. We left our things lying about perforce, but with no feelings of distrust; besides, the pretty Miss Mannberg and her younger sister, both decked with our brooches, would have been ready and capable to defend them.

To show how little account one takes of time up here in these long days (for last month the sun was shining at midnight), I proposed, after a stroll in the woods one afternoon (as I really thought it was), to pay a farewell visit to and get some more information out of the parson. Imagine our surprise when, on consulting our watches, we found it was midnight!

At length came the time for departure. Mr.

Mannberg rummaged in an outhouse stuffed with snow-shoes, *rein*deer *reins*, made of that animal's sinews, sledges, &c., awaiting the approach of winter, and from his stores kindly produced an old box, in which we packed our



purchases, including the extremely fine pair of female reindeer horns exhibited in the above sketch.

We were loth to quit so lovely a spot for every reason but a very cogent one; had we remained but a short time longer we should, I

feel sure, have subjected ourselves to quarantine at the first port at which we might touch, for the mosquitoes had done their work on head, hands, and legs so effectually that leprosy or I know not what disease would have been laid to our door as we journeyed south.

The whole village came out to bid us "God speed" on our journey, and we had quite an affectionate parting with the Mannberg family, whose charge for several days' board, lodging, everything included, was ten shillings!

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Mannberg took an oar, and rowed as manfully as the others, her cousin and a Lapp. Away we glided, happy to think we had carried away a specimen of everything with us, and had been able to lighten our load of New Testaments—we hope, to good purpose.

The rapids, which they hoped would alarm my wife (but in this they were doomed to disappointment), are shot in a singularly skilful manner. Just as the water begins to run calmly yet swiftly they suddenly twirl the boat right round, and all three (or both) row vigorously *up* stream, the stern oar steering. Even then the boat shoots at a tremendous pace amid sunken rocks and broken water, the roar of which makes it impossible to be heard.

At length we reached Niave, our resting-place for the night; and choosing a time when

the insect world is asleep, *i.e.* 12 to 2 p.m., in the middle of the day, I determined to have a last try at the fish. Suddenly I hooked a magnificent grayling, and after a little play, brought him into a neighbouring pool; when, to our grief, the landing-net was found to have been left behind; and ere my wife could clasp him in her arms, he had wriggled off to tell the rest of his comrades not to bite; and we returned, crestfallen, to our guest-house, where we were met by the landlady with a "Well, I have nothing for you to eat; I counted on your sport!"

It was during this expedition a most amusing incident occurred. An old pointer (how he got there is a marvel to me!) evidently thought he must do the honours of the rapids in the absence of his mistress, and so marched solemnly before us towards the choicest spot. The approach to these rapids is, for some 200 yards, over loose stones, whose points barely project from the water, which runs between them in by-streams at a tolerable pace.

I had reached the rapids, and was seating myself on a firm-looking boulder to prepare

my line, &c., when, looking back, I saw my wife perched on a stone pinnacle, and debating which would be the next safe landing-place for her feet. Ere she could decide, the pointer, who had been considering the same matter I suppose from the stone behind, suddenly leapt upon the same pinnacle with my wife, and not finding sufficient room for his four legs, inserted his nose beneath her dress, and diving between her feet, reappeared, nose and fore-paws, the other side; while his tail sticking out wagged vigorously behind. In this position both remained for some moments motionless (save the tail), and irresolute as to the next step.

It is impossible to describe how comical was the tableau; it reminded me somewhat of the centaur, or of one of those fabulous creatures which frequent the deep. I am ashamed to say I could proffer no aid, being rendered quite powerless by the uncontrollable fit of laughter to which most impolitely I gave way. The tableau, however, was not destined to last long, but broke up by the pointer nobly sacrificing himself and plunging into the foaming waves.

HUMOROUS FISHING INCIDENT AT NIAVE.

"I have nothing for you to eat," would be rather a perplexing announcement on most occasions, but when we produced our cooking apparatus (which, let me here insert, was invaluable throughout, for it never failed in any single one of its implements), and in far sooner time than our hostess could have made ready, had soup, arrowroot, cocoa, &c. all steaming on the table;, the look of wonder with which she and her family eyed us was at length prettily expressed in words which sounded to us like "You're a handy, neat, and sticky people!"

The train of brooches which we had laid everywhere *en route* up, made us doubly welcome on our return, and at Björkholm, our little Lapp hostess produced my towel which I had left hanging on a bush to dry. Once more she refused anything for bed and board, and so I had absolutely to slip a Swedish note into her hand and jump into the boat to escape.

It is amusing to see the phlegmatic indifference with which, in general, these Swedish settlers unintentionally treat their guests.

You are ever welcome, yet never welcomed. You arrive at a station with the boatmen in a string behind carrying your goods. The hostess is probably haymaking, or on a boating excursion (for the women here row as vigorously as the men), but even if she be not, she regards you from the window of her kitchen (always detached), and expects you to take possession of the guest hut for yourself; after which, and after you have settled with your boatmen, who always follow you in and sometimes sit down, she comes and peers in upon you at the window, and then, satisfied that you look hungry, walks in, shakes hands (an invariable custom here, from the Landsman to the *skjutsbonde*), and then all goes swimmingly.

At Jockmock we repaired to the only shop in the place, and where we had ordered a pair of fur Lapp boots to be made in case we failed to obtain specimens further north.

They had not forgotten us, nor our order, but first asked us to join their family party for a while; which we were glad to do that we might obtain a glimpse of the settlers'

home life. On entering, you shake hands with the whole family, beginning with the eldest present (an invariable rule), after which you are conducted to that which is considered the seat of honour, viz. the chair furthest from the door.

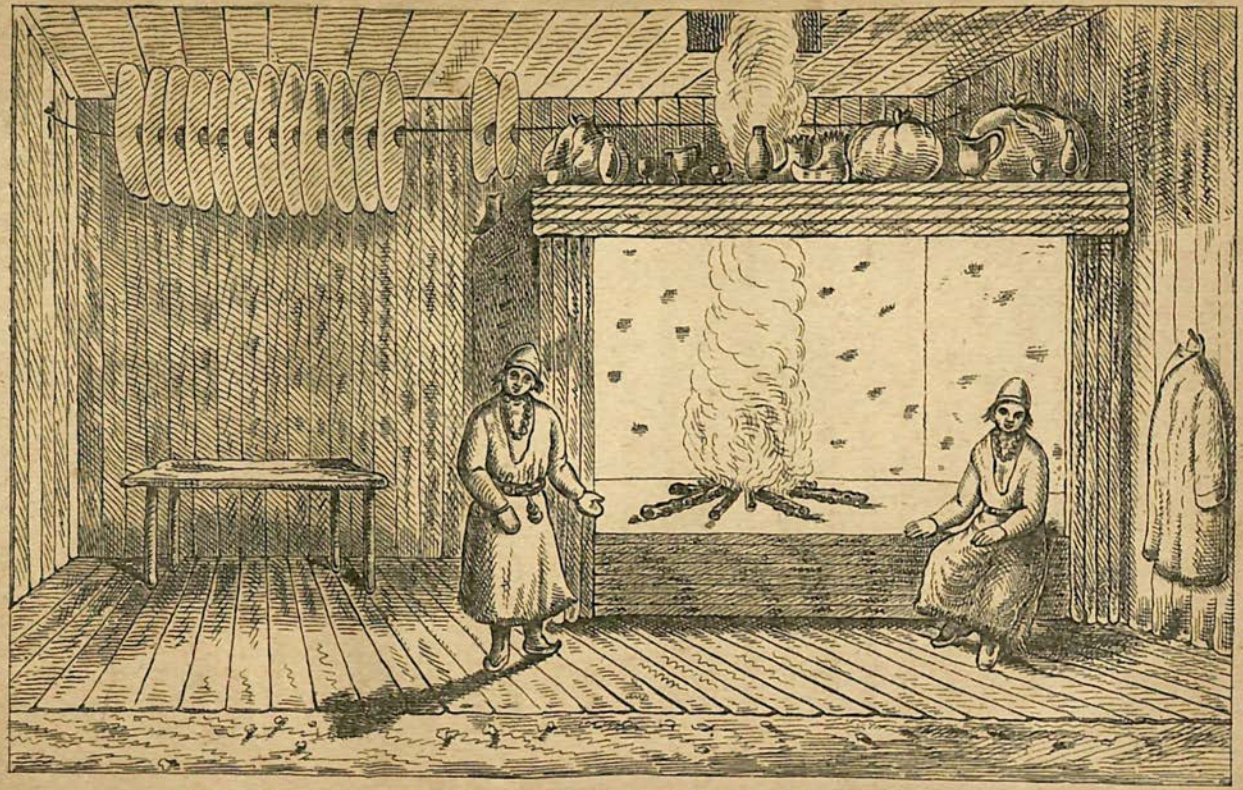
The fireplace occupies more than one-third of the whole space—significant of long and bitter winters; within it there is a kind of stone seat which runs round three sides of it, and into which, doubtless, when half-frozen they creep, and become very snug. On the broad shelf above, which projects half across the room, is accumulated the whole of the family rubbish.

A baby wrapped in swaddling clothes hung suspended by cords from the wooden beams of the ceiling. It was swinging like the pendulum of a clock, but evidently enjoyed its situation; the furniture was well made, and all of pine-wood. Strings of flad-brod and rolls of dried reindeer flesh lined the massive beams above our head, and a pair of snow-shoes six feet long, with portions of a reindeer-sledge, peeped out from behind the fireplace.

A large Lapp collie-dog occupied the centre of the room, and displayed his treacherous nature by coming up to lick my hands, and then, having persuaded me to pat him, by springing at me and fastening his teeth in my shoulder; but he suffered for his temerity by being kicked round the room by every member of the family in turn, till he subsided under the table, where he fixed a revengeful kind of glare upon me, which plainly said, "Wait till I get you outside!"

After sundry attempts at conversation, which I cannot say were very successful, the master and mistress conducted us to another habitation of theirs, in which they displayed a little harmonium—evidently a great prize. At their request we performed upon it.

My wife's execution of some Swedish airs so delighted them that they produced a still greater treasure—a little bottle of punch which, apparently as a great favour, they had been allowed to bring from the coast. With this they made us pledge them more than once; when remembering that we had just



INTERIOR OF A SETTLER'S HUT AT JOCKMOCK_OCCUPIED BY LAPPS.

passed a tiny stream called the Perlen Elf (river) in which pearls are found, we asked our host on the mere chance of information on the subject. What was our surprise when he said the little stream belonged to him, and when he arose and unfolding a dirty old piece of newspaper, produced several fine Lapp pearls with quite a bloom on them!

He said he did not find many, but had more than once sent a fine specimen to the King. I selected several, and they now adorn my wife's finger, interesting relics of our journey.

After getting our host to write a line in my name to the "postmaster" Mannberg, at Quickjock, asking him to forward correspondence which we expect may reach there some day, to England, where we expect it may also arrive some day too! we took leave of our excellent friends and their queerly-dressed little brood (for the smallest boys wear swallow-tail coats and the girls black trousers showing through their petticoats) and returned to the inn, whence a *poike* (small boy) with some very sorry horseflesh

carried us on the next day early, back through the interminable forest to Kåskåtz, where we baited, and then cooking our dinner, proceeded to Storbacken, whence the boat carried us to Edefors.

Here a most polite Swede offered my wife his gig to drive to the inn at the bottom of the falls, while he himself walked with me. But now came a difficulty: our old friends the Bröllop or wedding party rejoined us to-day, and bride, bridegroom, with several of their friends in train (as is the custom), had bespoken all the rooms save one, which our fellow-countrymen had secured by speeding on. There was nothing for it but to put up in the *mat salong*, where the wedding party invited us to dine with them.

After much ceremony, and the last guest had been bowed and scraped out of the room, impromptu beds were put up for us, and we prepared to retire to rest; but this proved no easy matter, for no one in the establishment seemed to recollect that it had become a bedroom, and as there are no locks to the doors and it is the custom in this part of

Sweden always to walk in without knocking, we found incursions rather too frequent to be pleasant.

Next day came a fresh proof of Swedish hospitality and kindness to strangers. At Hedensfors our gig-friend of yesterday, who proves to be a kind of judge on circuit, again gave up his trap previously ordered, this time to both of us, since there was not another horse to be got. I was ashamed to do this, and only waited till we were out of sight of the good man when I jumped down and walked the seven miles.

We saw much of him on the way to Luleå, and as he spoke tolerable English, I was enabled to gain some information.

He was a *häradshöfding*, which I fancy must answer to the judge on circuit on a small scale. He was accompanied throughout by a police-sergeant and a prisoner, a Norwegian sailor lad whom he had convicted for thieving at different villages on his way up the country, hoping thus to make his way over the Sulietelma range to his native land; he was a deserter, but did not seem a bad

sort of lad, spoke English well, and we lent him books to read which relieved the monotony of his situation. His legs, and sometimes his hands, were manacled, and he had to be assisted to get on or off the deck; there is no prison within 200 miles of where he was convicted, so hence this funny arrangement of judge, jailer, and judged enjoying a jaunt together!

Arrived at Luleå, we found an exhibition was being held of the joint produce of the most northern provinces—Norrbotten and Westerbotten. It was the last day, and we amused ourselves for long by watching the country people carrying away their unsold goods in every description of vehicle, from a wheelbarrow to a country omnibus.

It was here that we had to rough it, as much as up the country. Almost every room at the inn was crammed, and we were only too thankful when the little *piga* (chambermaid) found us a corner wherein to pack our Lapp things for their long sea voyage.

Soon after this she promised a bed-room;

but when supper was over the lights were extinguished throughout the building; and as it was a very cloudy night, we found ourselves in a long passage in the pitch-darkness —our little all (with the addition now, however, of a monstrous packing-case quite full) stored in a housemaid's closet—and we ourselves unable to find a bell (for there were none), nor even an exit from our forced imprisonment.

At length, I groped my way to the head of what nearly proved to be a broken-neck staircase for us, and with the aid of my wife dragged our tremendous sea-chest down it, till we reached the open courtyard, where we sat and breathed awhile, hoping that the continual thump, thump, of the box might awaken some one, but not a soul stirred, so stumbling upstairs I soon stumbled down again with the light traps; and then came the question, what were we to do next? We could not leave the luggage, nor be separated, for the streets were still full of drunken brawlers — the exhibition people making an odious exhibition of themselves;

and ever and anon one staggered through the yard, nearly falling over the *traps* we had unintentionally set for them.

At last all this grew beyond a joke. We had been twenty hours on our legs, and though in capital condition had no intention of sitting out an Arctic dawn, especially when it was being ushered in by a stiff gale from the north. So, leaving the baggage to look after itself we poked about till finding to our joy a ground-floor room, we brought our things one by one into it; and when I had carefully stirred up the beds with my fishing-rod to see that there was no one either in them or under them, we crept in, and next morning were gaily greeted by our *piga* with, "Oh, I *thought* you would be able to find your own way!"

We took a run through the exhibition, which was rapidly coming to a close. The skin department, however, was intact, and magnificent indeed were the specimens of the black bear, the Arctic fox, the wolf, and the marmot, all of which are to be found in the forests through which we have been

travelling, but in far less profusion than formerly. From one cause or another none were for sale; but I found the price of a reindeer skin would have been less than an English sovereign, and that of a fox six shillings. The prices of course rose as we travelled south.

Taking passage on board the *Hermelin* we found, to our surprise that, owing to the exhibition, the captain had shipped 100 passengers for whom he could provide no sleeping accommodation whatsoever, and we had the melancholy prospect of spending three or four nights on the open deck with a cold Arctic wind blowing down the Gulf.

However, there was nothing for it, homeward we were obliged to get; and away we sailed, packed like galley-slaves, at 2 p.m., amid the vociferous hurrahs of the 2,000 inhabitants of Luleå, all of whom seemed to line the quays and gave vent to a cheer which more nearly resembled a British cheer than anything I ever heard abroad before.

There is a very interesting geological

phenomenon observable in the upper portion of the Gulf, and indeed, to a certain extent, further south. It is the gradual rise of the land, which has been marked for generations on the rocks by broad bands of some white pigment. Islands have been formed which were unknown at the beginning of even this century, and channels formerly navigable are now no longer so. This is attributed to a steady upheaving of the land owing, as some think, to volcanic action, but all seem to agree in considering it to be in no wise attributable to a subsidence of the waters. This favours the almost certain supposition that at a remote period a broad arm of the sea connected the Bothnian Gulf with the Arctic Ocean, and thus made Scandinavia a vast island.

Just as we were beginning to seek a resting-place for the night on the top of the heaps of luggage, our captain came to inform us of a fresh instance of Swedish kindness; a gentleman on board hearing that a lady was cabinless, gave up his own to my wife, and took his chance of an occasional shake-

down in the mate's berth when that officer was on watch. I was determined to discover him, despite the careful concealment of his name, and am glad to say at length succeeded, when he merely said, as they so often do, "It is my duty."

I got a corner in the eating-saloon with our Irish fellow-travellers, but not till the early morning, when the drunken wretches who monopolise this apartment long after feeding-time had deserted it. Even then, the filthy habit of expectoration in which these North Swedes indulge to a disgusting degree, made our quarters the reverse of agreeable; but yet sleep had come upon us in spite of all, when our rest was rudely disturbed by a general smash of most of the crockery and glass in the room.

Rising to ascertain the cause, we soon discovered it. There is only one wind that can kick up a sea in the course which these steamers take, viz. a north-north-easter, and that rarely blows in summer. But to-day's exception proved the rule, and we had a most comfortless Sunday in a craft overladen with

passengers and built only for fine weather. As the day wore on movables were made fast, weather improved, and discharging passengers at Umeå, Hernösand, &c., we all obtained cabins at Sundsvall, and had a delightful run of twenty-four hours direct thence to Stockholm.

CHAPTER X.

How familiar the city looked to us! Although we had had but two days' acquaintance with it we felt we had come home again; which feeling was not shared in by three splendid Lapp collie pups, which our friends had brought with them, and which whined more and more piteously, and became less and less tractable, the further they departed from their native land. Their contortions too in sea-sickness had been pitiable to behold.

The quays are a lively sight. Scores of steamers lie alongside, waiting to traverse the Baltic for all parts of the world; the flags of all nations fluttering in the breeze, with the picturesque costumes of Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Finns give the scene a most animated appearance.

Having deposited our big box with an agent

who shipped it in a vessel timed to reach London in six days (and which really did in twenty-six), we repaired to Hasselbacken by one of the thousand-and-one little steam-launches which ply in every direction, and serve the purpose of cabs. This is a favourite dining-place in the beautiful Djurgarden, a natural park, which occupies a couple of the little islets which fringe the sea-front of the town of Stockholm. Nothing can be more delightful than an evening spent under those beautiful trees, with the luxury of a capital band and a scanty audience. We repeated it each night till we departed south.

Next day we explored Lake Malar, seventy-five miles long, with its outlet into the Baltic at Stockholm, and supplied with more islands, it seems, than water. We pulled up at Strengnäs, and visited the cathedral; unearthed the sacristan in one of the doorless houses; spent several hours strolling over the surrounding country, once a resort of the Wasa family, and thought that if their great hero Gustavus was ever compelled to vegetate here he must have been as glad to be liberated from the mono-

tony as he was to become the liberator of his country.

On in the evening through the 1,400 islets, and across the octopus-shaped lake to Westerås, our quarters for the night, possessing a cathedral with the tallest spire in Sweden, and an hotel which does not profess to supply you with any food at all. A somewhat surly damsel took us to the door in the morning, and with a supercilious twist of her thumb pointed vaguely up the street. We followed her directions, and found an eating-room just half a mile off, where, however, we were not allowed to *pay* for what we had had, but were marched to yet another room, where stood the receiving cashier. —N.B. If you are in a hurry omit to stay at Westerås.

Back to Stockholm just to bid adieu to that fair city, with her thousand charms, and then we are spinning away at the express speed of fifteen miles an hour, S.S.W. to Linkoping, in the heart of South Sweden, and capital of Oster Gothland, where we spent part of the night and visited the well-restored cathedral; this has a curious old crypt and carving

therein, the history of which is, I think, not generally known. On the pillars are the most grotesque figures climbing up to the top, and intended to represent the heathen gods trying to pull down the temple of the new religion!

All this time I have been un-English enough not to mention the weather. It is because I could not grumble about it even if I would. From the moment of our leaving London till now (with the sole exception of a thunder-storm at Stockholm) we had never seen a drop of rain; and in Lapland we had generally enjoyed cloudless skies.

Here, however, came a break, though not a sustained one. Our train went at 2.30 a.m., so not trusting to the household to awaken us, we simply sat in the smoking-room of the little inn till we were turned out, and then trudged through the rain and mud to the station, into the waiting-room of which the one sleepy porter locked us as if we were suspicious characters, and then composed himself for a snooze on a bench near the door where he could overhear the slightest noise within.

We reached Lund the next morning: the cathedral here is the best we have seen in Sweden, and has been judiciously restored. Next day we crossed to Elsinore from Helsingborg in one of the heaviest seas I ever experienced; but my wife, thanks to her long training, stood the seventeen minutes' test gallantly, and by holding on to a ring-bolt, was able to survey with interest our approach to the world-famed Castle of Kronborg.

As we walked on the ramparts that night the air did indeed "bite shrewdly," and the Ghost of Hamlet himself rose vividly before our minds. We went to see his grave, which the Danes have very good-naturedly found to satisfy the incessant demands of the English. Ophelia's brook I saw actually in process of formation in a garden behind a sea-bathing establishment to which it is a pity, I think, to admit the English before the arrangements are complete.

That night found us comfortably ensconced in the Hotel d'Angleterre at Copenhagen, and spending the eve in the Tivoli Gardens, the most perfect in their own style existing.

We enjoyed our stay in the Danish capital

immensely, and there were a few things which struck us particularly.

(i.) They are not half such smokers as the Germans or Swedes.

(ii.) The bearing of the men is remarkably manly.

(iii.) The outline of the features of the women in many instances wasvery beautiful—so unlike the general rule in Germany or Scandinavia.

(iv.) The absence of cherry brandy, reputed to be a *specialité* of Copenhagen; reminding one of the fact that there is no china at Delft and no toys at Nuremberg.

The absence of drunkenness was most remarkable, coming as one did from a land which, in some parts, outvies the British Isles in this respect. Perhaps this may be explained. A steady gait is imperative in the streets of Copenhagen, for in most of the principal thoroughfares a row of shops runs below the level of the road, with sometimes ten or twelve steps leading down to them, which encroach considerably on the pavement. Thus, unless your wits are about you, you run a very good

chance of plunging head foremost upon somebody's counter by taking an involuntary leap through the window-pane.

Having revelled in the museums, the main feature of this city, we pushed on to Roeskilde, whose time-honoured cathedral struck us less than the costume of the Amager peasantry in the market-place. Most of the women wear green woollen shawls, and many green woollen skirts. The effect of this, when combined with the quantities of green produce which of course filled the stalls, was to make them look like huge cabbages uprooting themselves and *stalking* in and out amongst the inanimate vegetables.

We crossed the Great and Little Belt, in the latter case carrying our train bodily across on rails let into the deck; and visited the four remaining cathedrals of Denmark, viz. Odense, Aarhus, Viborg, and Ribe.

This out-of-the-way trip is well worth taking; and the anciently important city of Viborg boasts a church which is the only specimen of pure Norman architecture *throughout* that I ever saw; and within the last few years I

have visited nearly 200 British and Continental cathedrals: crypt, aisles, chancel, apses, towers —all pure and early Norman of one date, and the tympanum in each arch harmonises in every detail with the rest. It has been restored with the most perfect taste. Would that all architects could appreciate the possibility of renewing and cleansing without destroying, and moreover without supplementing grand designs with some hideous invention of their own!

Danish country lines far surpass in homeliness any I am acquainted with in England. Trains have only second and third class, sometimes *only* third, and generally about six compartments, two of which are dedicated to roguery (*roegere* = smoking), and two more to that unpopular purpose *Dame seule.* Often the pace resembles that of a brisk walker, and stoppages at the road-side, sometimes in the centre of a turnip-field, to "take up" or "set down" are not unfrequent.

All this, however, has its bright side; nowhere on the Continent are the officials more polite. There is no hustling you about as if you were a drove of cattle, nor driving you into a

waiting pen like a flock of sheep, no arbitrary selection of your carriage for you, nor any question as to whether or not you may have your luggage with you, if you can carry it. In fact you "pay your money and take your choice."

I was glad to cross the Schleswig-Holstein frontier for one reason: the Danes (my wife's Danish master admits it) have not, as yet, although they are making laudable progress in most else, learnt how to count: *e.g.* for fifty they say, *halvtredsindstyve* (the between of three times twenty!)

Such modes of calculation preclude the possibility of *their* ever having a Ready Reckoner.

It was an interesting walk from Schleswig, capital of the now Prussian Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, to the Dannevirke.

Although nearly every trace of even the more recent fortifications have been effaced by the Prussians—who, I suppose, have no idea of maintaining works which only frown southwards, and could therefore be so easily turned against themselves—yet one dwells with a lingering in-

terest on the battle-field of ages, and one thinks of the times when Otho and Charlemagne, and many a potent prince were detained before its palisades, its walls, or its earthworks for months upon months in vain.

The Schleswigers seem quite content under their new masters, though I believe this is not the case in Flensborg and North Schleswig, for in that portion of the Duchy the people are exclusively Danes by language, by descent, and by geographical position; and their representatives stoutly maintain in the German parliament that Prussia should, in honour bound, restore North Schleswig to Denmark, according to her promise in the Treaty of Vienna now eleven years old.

We enjoyed our stay at Hamburg. The interior of the Exchange was a striking sight, with its sea of black chimney-pots and straw hats—which sea rolled with unpleasant force against us by reason of a certain telegram which was suddenly fixed over our heads, and which announced the death of Thiers.

We next visited Lübeck, a city of spires, teeming with antique houses; and then made

for Bremen. A peculiarity of these three Hanse towns is that most of the restaurants are underground, and often in a cellar. At the "Rathskeller," the back to your chair consists of huge hogsheads of wine. In warm weather this is deliciously cool, for the sun can never penetrate into these deep abysses. The commercial prosperity of these towns is great, their religious zeal proportionately small. A café waiter told us, "The people of Hamburg are not pious; they can always be found drinking beer, but seldom saying prayers in church."

Leaving Bremen I surprised my wife by landing her in Berlin, instead of Amsterdam, finding a day or so to spare. We accomplished all that is worth while accomplishing in this dull European capital, and were ready to go at the end of the second day. I never saw finer monuments, nor less interesting churches, picture galleries, &c., and was very glad when we were seated in the express for Magdeburg, where we spent several hours gazing at Tetzel's famous indulgence-chest, and Marshal Tilly's gloves, boots, and rapier; all preserved in the noble cathedral. We slept at

Brunswick, and patronised the cathedral crypt for an immense time, containing, as it did, the coffin and history of many a brave "Black Brunswicker."

Of Hildesheim, our next place, I shall never be able to say enough. If Oxford and Rouen are cities of spires, if Venice and Stockholm have their peculiar charms which raise them above all others, so has Hildesheim for its fifteenth and sixteenth century *streets* (not single houses only). The so-called Timber architecture, the devices carved on every gable, the projections of story above story till at length the opposite house is almost touched, the tortuous streets, the general mediæval air of the whole place, defy description. It must be seen to be appreciated

We dined at Hanover, and only stopped at Minden long enough to see the feeble cathedral, and to admire the peculiar costume of the peasantry, who, with bright-coloured jockey sleeves, flaming red petticoats, and bands of ornamented silver worn upon their foreheads (the costume of the neighbouring State of Lippe-Schaumburg), looked very picturesque

as they made hay on the slopes of the mouldering fortress.

Sleeping at Osnabruck—which was interesting if only for thefact that George II., urging his charioteer to utmost speed, succeeded in dying there the night he arrived, his earnest desire being thus fulfilled that he should breathe his last on Hanoverian soil—we spent Sunday at Munster, the capital of Westphalia, with a cathedral far surpassing that of Osnabruck, and many churches of immense antiquity, on the tower of one of which, just opposite our bed-room window, hung, and still hangs, a ghastly object—the three cages in which, 340 years ago, the bodies of John of Leyden, "King of Munster," and his Anabaptist associates were confined, exposed to public view; after they had been tortured to death with red-hot pincers their remains were suspended here till they rotted away, and the cages have never since been removed.

Next day, we crossed the Dutch frontier, and spent a short time on the banks of the Rhine at Arnhem, and reached Amsterdam, with its luxurious Amstel Hotel, in time for

dinner. A *Tentoon-stelling* or exhibition was being held, which, I believe, supplies the place of the annual Kermis fair, now discontinued.

We spent much of our time in the exhibition building commenting on the various provincial head-dresses, the gold and silver helmets of the women, with blinkers of the same metals ; and over all sometimes a fashionable Parisian bonnet!

We studied street life, and afterwards the picture galleries. I think this is the best way to enjoy, and the only way to appreciate, the works of the Dutch school. I took my wife to Haarlem, and was more fortunate than on a former occasion, for we heard the organ, although it was a very feeble performance.

The diamond-cutting is an interesting process, the saying "Diamond cut diamond" being practically illustrated. On our way to Flushing we visited Gouda with its unrivalled stained-glass windows, and dining at Rotterdam, sailed the same night on board the *Stadt Vlissingen* for Sheerness. We telegraphed from Amsterdam, and wisely, for

the crush was tremendous, the night cold, and the sea unquiet.

There seems to be much difference of opinion about the Flushing route. We record our votes unhesitatingly in favour of it; but then it must be borne in mind we sailed in one of the two magnificent boats, whereas there is a third, said to be small and uncomfortable in every respect, which of course takes its turn with the others.

And now, readers, farewell. If you desire to gain health and strength in your summer holidays, seek the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps if you will. Go not south of them, whatever you do, but if you are tired of the same range year after year, follow our route, and you will never regret making your summer excursion in the pure invigorating atmosphere of the Arctic Regions, and thereby also gaining a glimpse of

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